



Collier's

FICTION NUMBER DECEMBER 1904

The Burgrave's Farewell



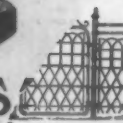
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VOL XXXIV NO 12

DECEMBER 17

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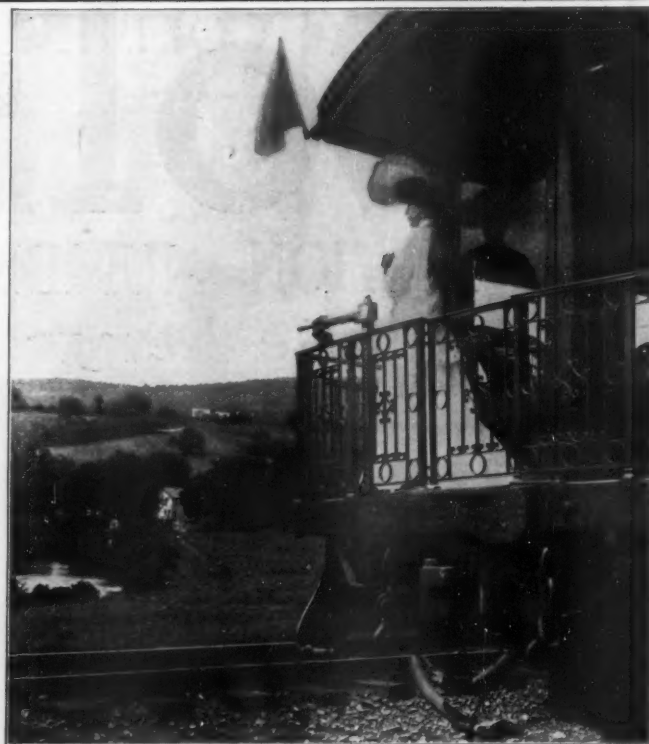
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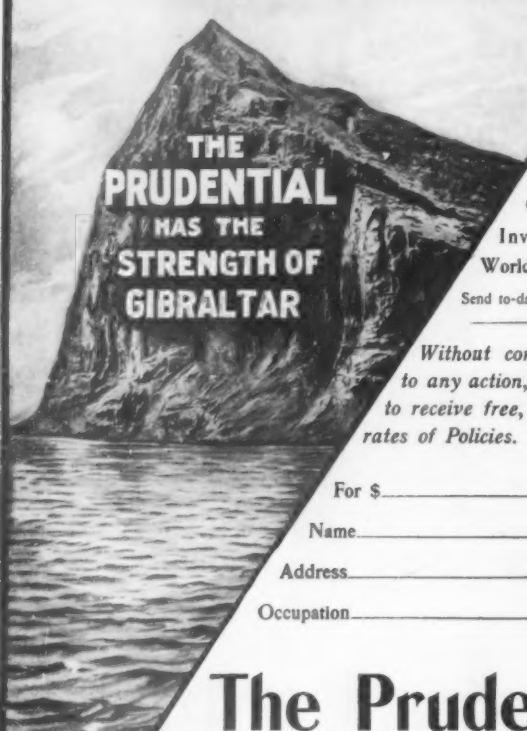
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Sincerely yours,

CHARLES DWYER, Editor.

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COLLIER'S

HOLIDAY FICTION NUMBER



THE BACHELOR GIRL

DRY POINT BY OTTO SCHNEIDER



CHICAGO KEEPS TRACK of its public men with a precision remarkable in an American city of its size. A few years ago Judge PETER S. GROSSCUP of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals was a man highly honored in Chicago, and, as far as he was known, elsewhere. He has made some of the most excellent speeches of recent years. He understands what the new issues are in politics and he speaks well upon them. But he has been doing certain things in Chicago which he ought not to do, and he is in all probability "down and out" as far as any political hopes that he may have are concerned. Chicago still fails politically at times. It failed to defeat MADDEN at the last election. But it has more recent victories to its credit than any other American city. Public opinion now gives orders to the politicians. They were already on the run and DENEEN's election has much accelerated their pace. If the nominations were made to-day JOHN HARLAND would probably be the candidate of the Republicans, and he would have more than an even chance of victory. This progress in political standards is not won without vigilance. Judge GROSSCUP's rapidly falling reputation is the result of the close attention which Chicago gives to its own affairs. We have in the past praised him highly. We believe to-day that his character has been debauched by political ambition. Of the injunction in favor of the street railways, which is being so bitterly resented, we say nothing, it being a legal matter. Of the appointment of a notoriously unfit candidate to the position of Master-in-Chancery, because he was the son of Senator HOPKINS, no such reserve in opinion is necessary. About his indorsement of "Doc" JAMIESON, when Mr. ROOSEVELT, for reasons of his own, chose to give that statesman an office, it would not be easy to speak too sharply. Judge GROSSCUP has seen his best days in American public life.

DISAPPOINTMENT

MR. FOLK WILL BE GOVERNOR in a fortnight from the present time. He will have many appointments to make at once, and some important policies on which to take his stand. It probably is a fortunate thing for him personally that the Republicans carried Missouri. It removes from power and influence a lot of Democrats who have been the most difficult enemies for him to handle and it practically makes him master of his party in Missouri. Incidentally, it may be as well for him in four years to lead a doubtful State. He occupies the most promising ground of any Democrat in politics to-day, for, by his accomplishment, he has become identified in the minds of people all over the nation with the new kind of politics, the issues of morality against immorality, of illegal combinations and protected wrongdoers against the people. The old order is passing away. Mr. ROOSEVELT was

THE FUTURE IN MISSOURI

swung in so easily partly because he represented the new and better objects which the people are now asking their statesmen to pursue. Mr. FOLK's victory was made more unmistakable by the immense distance which he ran ahead of his ticket. He was the only Democrat elected, and he ran ahead of his ticket in every county in the State. This cutting was done on a ballot which is extremely difficult to split. Had the style of ballot used in Massachusetts been used in Missouri, the amount of split voting would have been far greater. The fact that Mr. FOLK said he preferred the election of the Democratic ticket, which contained the names of COOK and ALLEN, undoubtedly also reduced the Republican vote for him, and we should have much preferred not to have had him make that statement. It was his only concession to the difficulties of the situation, and we hope it may be the last. If, in his new position, his courage and ability are what we believe they are, his future will take care of itself, and his influence will continue to be one of the best in our country.

AN ODISSEY COMPARISON

WHEN LORD ROSEBURY PRAISED Lord SALISBURY, the other day, enthusiastically, the "Spectator" surmised that England was the only country where a statesman was likely to make occasion to celebrate the virtues of his lifelong opponent. The "Spectator" was doubtless right. We had a feeling of regret, however, that America had not yet reached that stage of mannerly appreciation. Our politicians seldom praise opposing leaders, living or in the grave, unless it be some canonized figure safely in the distant past. Even then, the partisan spirit frequently inspires in our emphatic statesmen idiotic judgments of JEFFERSON, on the one hand, or HAMILTON, on the other. Surely all this barking over almost meaningless party names grows very

tiresome. The narrowness and hypocrisy which it engenders are more tiresome still. It would be a pleasant event if Lord ROSEBURY's example should be emulated in America. It would be agreeable to find politicians catching up, in frankness and impartiality, with the people, if they can not get ahead of them, yet how seldom do we hear ungrudging praise of a leader in one party from any conspicuous politician in another. Independence is not divisible into water-tight compartments. Freedom and magnanimity in expressing personal opinions are connected with intelligent independence in act. It is satisfactory to observe that Mr. JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS announces his intention of supporting the President in steps he may make toward revising the tariff, securing reciprocity, and regulating monopoly. The Democrats may perhaps have learned by this time that opposing all Republican measures, good and bad, is a losing policy. New alignments are now possible at any time—new parties even. If a fight should begin, all along the line, with President ROOSEVELT leading one side and the Senate oligarchy the other, it would conduce to the ultimate glory of the President; it would benefit the country, and it would be a disgrace to the Democrats if they did not support the President's real democracy against the henchmen of special privilege and plutocracy.

DEMOCRATS WITH A FUTURE have been held recently to include in their number GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Tammany Mayor of New York. He and Mr. MURPHY have given an astute administration. They have shown ability, and they have been wise enough to be virtuous in many things, that a good repute might cover some large iniquities. When Mr. MCCLELLAN signed the REMSEN gas bill, which was regarded by an undivided public opinion as a steal, the young Mayor's well-wishers tried to explain the act as stupid rather than corrupt, although MURPHY's brother was a beneficiary. The national election is over now, and the mask is likely to be less and less in use. In renewing a gas contract refused by the Low administration, in doing it as quietly as possible, in surreptitiously defrauding the people whose vigilant defender the charter commands him to be, Mr. MCCLELLAN comes out finally in the famous old Tammany colors. Not for nothing do the Standard Oil interests pay to PATRICK H. MCCARREN a salary estimated at \$20,000. He killed the municipal lighting project which the Low administration defended, and he and MURPHY are together in this latest steal. Not an electric light, not a jet of gas, not an oil lamp, hardly a tallow candle, can be burned by the people of New York City to-day without a tribute to JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER; and Mr. MCCLELLAN can henceforth be classed as a man who may grow rich, but will never receive the Governorship or any other honor from the people of his country or his State. What he may expect is only what can be given to him by Tammany Hall or the dishonest corporations in harmony with which it works.

GOOD BY, MCCLELLAN

THE MAN WHO LOST \$20 in gold over the side of an ocean steamer, and calmly exclaimed "Let it go," had points in his favor. He took philosophically the only course which appeared practicable. Objections to intervention in the East have some of this fundamental reasonableness. At present there seems to be no way in which outside nations can affect the conflict, and therefore arguments against their doing so are welcome. Captain MAHAN's objections are as cogent as most of that expert thinker's reasons. They may by many be deemed inconclusive, but they give much to think about. The gist of them is that men who can make such a record as the Russians have made at Port Arthur have a right to continue the war on land and sea until they have had enough. A Russian lieutenant wrote of one of the Port Arthur combats: "The ravine below streamed with blood, and in one place corpses lay so thick that a dam was formed. The men in our advanced trenches were driven out or bayoneted, but before the Japanese got a yard further they were all shot down. The night attack and the ensuing sortie were ghastly affairs. We have got to a stage at which we all laugh at blood and murder, and no man would shed a tear over the death of his own father." Captain MAHAN, in one of his recent comments, asked: "In view of such suffering, shall those who have in it no part save sympathy, rising little above idle sentiment, advocate interference, as we hear from time to time? Have not the men who have done what KUROPATKIN and STOESEL and their valiant soldiers have done, a right to demand 'hands off' till their

LETTING IT GO



Government asks interposition?" As far as "right" is concerned, what about the way Japan was treated after defeating China? Intervention that helped her now could certainly not give her back more than she lost then. Captain MAHAN says: "Japan had no recourse but to declare war, and at the moment she did." In such circumstances "right" is not the troublesome question. Neither England nor the United States is likely to intervene just at present, but for reasons not unlike those which led to the man's order about his \$20 gold piece.

DEATH IS DARK ENOUGH in any form. To Mrs. GILBERT it came in as happy a manner as it knows. The actor usually loses more than the rest of us by old age. The really great actress JANAUŠEK had died a few days earlier than Mrs. GILBERT, forgotten by the public, imbittered, in a charity home—her death worth to the average newspaper but an inch or two of type. Mrs. GILBERT made the luckiest of exits. She never lost the favor of that fickle public by whose whim the actor lives. In the last years

A HAPPY
ENDING

of her life one success was followed by another. The younger players with whom she was associated loved her. She was cheerful, spirited, and never dependent. Her salty humor never left her. When she became a star, for the first time, this year, at eighty-three, she was kept warm by the plaudits and sympathy of every one. When death approached it made no threats. It gave no time for longing and regret. Often cruel, it was as merciful in this case as it could be. Death seemed to vie with life in giving its best to one who had asked no favors of existence—who had never made complaints.

PROSPER MERIMEE OBSERVED that any writer could bring tears to his reader's eyes by the simple device of breaking a poodle's leg. The increase of pure mush in dog lore is now momentous. "Can't you do something?" cries a distressed reader. "I inclose a document which seems to me about the limit." We hope it is. It is called "Yours With All My Heart—Her Own Story, as told by the beautiful Italian gazelle-hound Fairy." There is, of course, a deluge of such literature for Christmas, but surely nothing could better suit the extremists in dog sentiment than this tale of

SENTIMENTAL-
ITY AND DOGS

Fairy. Our correspondent sends a picture of Fairy in her basket. "There," says Fairy, "were all my little worldly goods. I crept in and crossed my forepaws, and looked out at them all with wistful eyes and listening ears. I was too sad to be proud of my beautiful face and form against the soft blue background." It is very modest of Fairy, but the picture does rather exploit that touching crossing of the paws. Indeed, as we gazed upon it, our lips unconsciously gave expression to a protesting "Wow," and it is to be feared that we shall never read the entire illustrated life. Good-by, Fairy. Our heart is too stony for the language which you speak.

WHY DOES WOMAN REFORM MAN so much more than he reciprocates? Even if she leads no axe crusades against saloons, she is preoccupied with keeping him from drink, and her checks upon his flagrant tendency to vice are of inestimable value in the long-drawn-out business of differentiating humanity favorably from his arboreal cousins of the jungle. Woman's opinion and protest are powerful against all the male's favorite vices, and also against his mere brutalities. Who has not observed a woman stopping two boys from fighting on the street, when they wished to fight, and all the surrounding crowd of smiling men desired that they should fight? Man does not reciprocate. He lets the corset take its deadliest course. He even accepts bustles when they are in fashion. He says nothing to lace stockings and low slippers, to excess of personal gossip, or to the elaborate alarm with which his women friends view domestic cows and mice. He pays for the sweet concoctions with which females destroy their teeth and interior machinery at most other times as well as at matinees.

VICES OF
THE SEXES

THE BIGGER THE COUNTRY, the louder the methods required for fame, and the smaller the chance for the individual to stand out where the whole community can see him. It is natural to mankind to desire limelight and a pedestal. Man is anxious not only to see, but to be seen. It is not vanity; it is not, in spite of MILTON, an infirmity; it is a corollary of our social nature. The love of fame is a weakness only when it is extreme. Even

the true philosopher likes it, although he smiles when more is paid for it than it is worth. Some statesmen and some artists are so concerned about their reputation that they remind the philosopher of the glories of a lady who puts her head in the lion's jaw daily, not so much for the twenty-five dollars a week that results as for the admiration of the wondering crowd. Also it reminds him, if he happens to be one familiar with the stage's ways, of the eagerness of each petty actor that his two lines shall have favorable opportunity; of his belief that only luck keeps him from making SARAH BERNHARDT and TOMMASO SALVINI look like nothings; of his love of sauntering with tragic air and conscious facial lines among the haunts of men. We all want money, and too keen a wish makes us sordid. We should all be glad of fame, but too much eagerness about it makes us look like idiots.

F A M E

IRONQUILL'S RETURN to the State whose spirit he has sung makes it more than ever true that nothing is the matter with Kansas. It will be a more excellent place to live in now that Mr. WARE is a lawyer-poet instead of a Commissioner of Pensions. Mr. ROOSEVELT assures us that no Commissioner has ever combined faithfulness to public interest with satisfaction to the G. A. R. to compare with Mr. WARE. Perhaps we may class this with the President's other amiable superlatives. The now famous motto, "The Lord hates a liar," gave more joy to the outside world than to the pension attorneys who were confronted with it in the Commissioner's room. An allegation that one year in the Pension Bureau equaled two in purgatory is more delightful to observant and disinterested spirits than to the hungry pension seekers, who grow so much thicker as the war recedes. The President's pension order has added to the list over four thousand names. Mr. WARE's retirement will be welcomed by many would-be beneficiaries as a possible further step in swelling the noble list. The poetic Commissioner himself, we fancy, will be happy back in Kansas. He has one of the essentials of a happy life—a decided way of believing in himself. When the critic's words have crumbled, and his flesh to dust is humbled, a verse of his, he fancies, may remain alive. He is a good poet, and his faith is justified. The washerwoman's song is real poetry. It is full of the honest scepticism mixed with sympathy with belief that marks so many humane souls to-day. Perhaps the gay fable of the Kansas zephyr will outlast them all. We reprint it to recommend an Ironquill revival:

BACK TO
KANSAS

Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
Where a brass-eyed bird pup played,
And that foolish canine bayed
At that zephyr: in a gay,
Semi-idiotic way.
Then that zephyr, in about
Half a jiffy, took that pup,
Tipped him over, wrong side up;
Then it turned him wrong side out.
And it calmly journeyed thence,
With a barn and string of fence.

MORAL:

When communities turn loose
Social forces that produce
The disorders of a gale,
Act upon the well-known law:
Face the breeze, but close your jaw.
It's a rule that will not fail;
If you bay it, in a gay
Self-sufficient sort of way,
It will land you, without doubt,
Upside down and wrong side out.

When Mr. WARE took office there was a mild increased demand for the rhymes of Ironquill. If all readers of American verse liked them as much as we do, the sale would be some thousand times greater than it is. Kansas should be glad of her returning son, not only for the talents that are his, but for the remarkable enthusiasm with which he dedicates them to Kansas. Mr. WHITE told us that nothing was the matter with the State. Mr. WARE goes further. He assures us that Kansas is one of only three States to live in song and oratory, while all the rest, with their idle claims, will only be remembered as mere names. Virginia, Massachusetts, and Kansas! It is a noble trio, and if it might be possible to say a word for certain other divisions of the land, there is yet something inspiring in Ironquill's breezy Western confidence and partiality.



"To Make a Hoosier Holiday"

By George Ade

IF YOU will take a map of the State of Indiana and follow with your pencil one of the many railway lines radiating from Indianapolis, you will find, if you are extremely diligent in your search, a black speck marked "Musselwhite." It is not an asterisk, meaning a county seat—simply a speck on the enameled surface. Furthermore, it is one of many specks. A map which shows all of the towns of the Musselwhite kind looks like a platter of caviar—a mere scramble of dark globules, each the same as the others.

As a matter of fact, Musselwhite seemed one of a thousand to the sleepy travelers in the parlor cars. Lying back on their upholstered griddles, slowly baking to a crisp, they would be aroused by a succession of jolts and grinds, and would look out with torpid interest at a brindle-colored "depot," a few brick stores ornately faced with cornices of galvanized iron, a straggling row of frame houses priggled out with scallops and protuberant bay windows, a few alert horses at the hitch-rack and a few somnolent Americans punctuated along the platform. Then the train would laboriously push this panorama into the background and whisk away into the cornfields, and the travelers would never again think of Musselwhite. Certainly they would never think of it as a hotbed of politics, an arena of social strivings, a Mecca for the remote farmhand and a headquarters for religious effort. Yet Musselwhite was all of these—and more.

The town had two wings of the Protestant faith, but they did not always flap in unison. They were united in the single belief that the Catholic congregation at the other end of town was intent on some dark plan to capture the government and blow up the public school system.

The Zion Methodist Church stood across the street from the Campbellite structure. Each had a high wooden steeple and a clangorous bell. Zion Church had an undersized pipe-organ which had to be pumped from behind. The Campbellites had merely an overgrown cottage organ, but they put in a cornet to help out—this in the face of a protest from the conservative element that true religion did not harmonize with any "brass band trimmings."

In the Campbellite Church the rostrum was movable, and underneath was a baptismal pool wherein the newly converted were publicly immersed. Whenever there was to be a Sunday night "baptizing" at the Campbellite Church, the attendance was overflowing. The Methodists could offer no ceremony to compare with that of a bold descent into the cold plunge, but every winter they had a "protracted meeting" which kept the church lighted and warmed for seven nights in the week. During this "revival" period the Campbellites were in partial eclipse.

It must not be assumed that there was any petty rivalry between the two flocks. It was the strong and healthy competition between two laborers in the vineyard, each striving to pick the larger bunch of grapes. If the Zion Church gave a mush-and-milk sociable, it was only natural that the Campbellites, in their endeavor to retain a hold on the friendly sympathies of Musselwhite, should almost immediately make announcement of a rummage party or an old people's concert. The Campbellites had their Sunday-school in the morning, preceding the regular service, and the Methodists had theirs in the afternoon. The at-

tendance records and missionary collections were zealously compared. Unusual inducements were offered to the growing youth of Musselwhite to memorize the golden text and fight manfully for the large blue card which was the reward for unbroken attendance. In Musselwhite, as in many other communities, there were parents who believed in permitting the children to attend two religious services every Sunday, thereby establishing a good general average for the family, even if the parents remained at home to read the Sunday papers. The children found no fault with this arrangement. The morning Sunday-school was a sort of full-dress rehearsal for the afternoon service, to which the children flocked in confident possession of those hidden meanings of the Scripture which can always be elucidated by a hardware merchant who wears dark clothes once a week.

At Christmas time the "scholars" found themselves in a quandary. Each church had exercises Christmas Eve. A child can not be in two places at the same time, no matter how busy his effort or how earnest his intention. And so it came about that the congregation offering the more spectacular entertainment and the larger portion of mixed candy drew the majority of the lambkins. The rivalry between the Methodists and the Campbellites touched perihelion on Christmas Eve. An ordinary Christmas tree studded with tapers, festooned with popcorn, and heavy with presents no longer satisfied the junior population, for it had been pampered and fed upon novelty. The children demanded a low comedy Santa Claus in a fur coat. They had to be

given star parts in cantatas, or else be permitted to speak "pieces" in costume. One year the Campbellites varied the programme by having a scenic chimney-corner erected back of the pulpit. There was an open fireplace glowing with imitation coals. In front of the fireplace was a row of stockings, some of which were of most mirth-provoking length and capacity, for the sense of humor was rampant in Musselwhite. A murmur of impatient and restless curiosity rather interfered with the recitations and responsive readings which opened the programme. It rose to a tip-toe of eager anticipation when Mr. Eugene Robison, the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, arose and, after a few felicitous remarks, which called forth hysterical laughter, read a telegram from Kriss Kringle saying that he would arrive in Musselwhite at 8:30 sharp. Almost immediately there was heard the jingle of sleighbells. The older and more sophisticated boys identified the tone as coming from a strand of bells owned by Henry Boardman, who kept the livery barn, but the minds of the younger brood were singularly free from all doubt and questioning. A distinct "Whoa!" was heard, and then the Saint, swaddled in furs and with a most prodigious growth of cotton whiskers, came right out through the fireplace with his pack on his back and asked in a loud voice, "Is this the town of Musselwhite?" His shaggy coat was sifted with snow, in spite of the fact that the night was rather warm and muggy, and his whole appearance tallied so accurately with the pictures in the books that the illusion was most convincing until "Tad" Saulsbury, aged twelve, piped in a loud voice: "I know who it is. It's Jake Francis."

His mother moved swiftly down the aisle and "churned" him into silence, after which the distribution of presents proceeded with triumphant hilarity.

It was generally conceded that the Campbellite chimney-corner entertainment rather laid over and topped and threw into the shade any other Christmas doings that had been witnessed in Musselwhite. That is why the Methodists were spurred to unusual effort one year later and that is why "Doc" Silverton, Sam Woodson, and Orville Hufty, as a special committee on arrangements, met in the doctor's office one evening in November to devise ways and means.

"They're goin' to give another chimney-corner show," said "Doc" Silverton. "We've got to do something to offset it. I claim that the Christmas tree is played out. Since they've started shippin' in these evergreen trees from Chicago, a good many people have their own trees right at home. We can't very well take up the chimney-corner idee. It's too much like trailin' along behind the Campbellites and takin' their dust."

"We've got to give 'em something new and different," said Orville Hufty. "I sent and got a book that's supposed to tell how to get up shows for Christmas, but it's all about singin' songs and speakin' pieces, and we know by experience that such things don't ketch the crowd here in Musselwhite."

"I've been thinkin'," said Sam Woodson, very slowly, "that we might do this: Go to the Campbellites and segest that we take turn about in givin' exhibitions. That is, if they hold off this year, we'll give them a clear field next year."

"Not much!" exclaimed "Doc" Silverton, with great decision. "That'd look like a clean backdown. Don't give 'em anything to crow about."



Miss Wheatley waited in the pastor's study

Let's beat 'em at their own game. We can do it if you'll help me on a little scheme that I've been layin' awake nights and thinkin' about. Don't laugh when I tell you what it is. It's nothin' more or less than a weddin'."

"You mean to have somebody get married on Christmas Eve?" asked Mr. Hufty, looking at him coldly.

"That's it exactly," replied "Doc" with a grin of enthusiasm.

"What's gettin' married got to do with Christmas?" asked Sam Woodson.

"People get married every day," added Mr. Hufty.

"Not the people that I'm thinkin' about," said "Doc," leaning back and looking at them serenely.

"Can you imagine what kind of a crowd we'll have in that church if we advertise that old 'Baz' Leonard is goin' to get married to Miss Wheatley?"

The other two committeemen gazed at "Doc" in sheer amazement, stunned by the audacity of his suggestion. "Baz" Leonard and Miss Wheatley! It took several moments for them to grasp the Napoleonic immensity of the proposition.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" said Mr. Hufty. "How did you come to think of anything like that?"

"Is 'Baz' goin' to marry her?" asked Sam Woodson.

"He is," replied "Doc," "but he don't know it—yet. I'm bankin' on the fact that he won't overlook a chance to show off in public, and that Miss Wheatley is about due to get married to some one."

"I think you'd be doin' her a favor if you picked out somebody besides 'Baz,'" suggested the cold and unresponsive Woodson.

"'Baz' is the man," said "Doc" firmly. "If we've got a public character in this town it's 'Baz' Leonard. If there's a woman in town that's supposed to be out of the marryin' class, it's Miss Wheatley. Her gettin' married to any one would be about the biggest piece of news you could spring on Musselwhite. But gettin' married to 'Baz' Leonard! Say! They won't have a handful of people at their chimney-corner show. And you can bet they'll never keep Jake Francis over there to play Santa Claus. Any time that old 'Baz' gets married again, Jake'll want to be there to see it."

"I don't see how you're goin' to work it in on a Christmas Eve exhibition," said Woodson, but even as he spoke he chuckled reflectively, and it was evident that the beautiful possibilities of the plan were beginning to ramify his understanding.

"Simplest thing in the world," said "Doc." "We announce that we're goin' to give Miss Wheatley a Christmas present."

"You'd better postpone the show till April 1," suggested Mr. Hufty, and then all three committeemen leaned back in their chairs, exchanged glances, and roared with laughter. It was evident that no vote would be necessary.

"I've thought it all out," continued "Doc." "We can have the regular entertainment, then the distribution of presents. We'll have Santa Claus bring in the marriage license and present it to 'Baz.' Then we'll lead the happy couple to the altar, and after Brother King has done a scientific job of splicin', we'll give them their combination Christmas and weddin' presents. The different Sunday-school classes can chip in and buy presents for them. They'll be glad to do it."

"It sounds all right, but can we talk 'em into it?" asked Mr. Hufty. "'Baz' has fooled around her a little, but I never thought he wanted to marry her."

"I'll guarantee to have him on hand when the time comes," said "Doc" confidently. "I want you two fellows to have the women go after Miss Wheatley. We must take it for granted that they're already engaged. Have the women go over and congratulate her, and then convince her that if she has a church weddin' she'll get a raft of presents. It's the third and last call with her, and I don't think we'll have to use blinkers or a curb bit."

And so, next day, there began the strangest campaign that ever Cupid waged by proxy. Rumor—strong, persistent, undeniable—had it that "Baz" Leonard and Miss Beulah Wheatley were to become as one, indivisible. "United in the holy bonds of wedlock" is the way it was put by the editor of the "Courier."

Unless you, indulgent reader, have lived in a Musselwhite, you can not fully comprehend how convulsing was the excitement that laid hold upon the whole township when the story went jumping from house to house, across farm lots, over ditches, through the deep woods, until it was gleefully discussed around the lamp-light as far away as Antioch and Burdett's Grove. For "Baz" Leonard was a man who had posed in the fierce light of publicity for many years. In Rome he would have been a senator. In Musselwhite he was a constable. As a war veteran, as a member of the Volunteer Fire Department, as a confirmed juror, as custodian of a bass drum, as judge of elections, as something-or-other, he contrived to be where the common run of mortals had to look at him and rather admire his self-possession and dignified bearing. To be in the foreground of activities, to be in some way connected with every event which partook of the ceremonial, this was the one gnawing ambition of Ballantyne Leonard. His front name, by some system of abbreviation known only to small towns, had been condensed to "Baz." His wife had died soon after the war. He lived in a small frame house, more thoroughly covered by mortgage than by paint. A pension and the occasional fee coming to a constable provided him with the essentials of life—tobacco and one or two other items less important. As a factor in the business life of Musselwhite he was a comparative cipher, but at public functions he shone. Take it on the Fourth of July. On a borrowed horse, with a tri-colored sash once around his waist and once over the shoulder, he led the parade. On election nights he read the returns. The job of pumping the organ in the Zion Church he refused because he could not perform his duties in view of the congregation. Every winter, when the Methodist revival had stirred the town to a high-strung fervor, he walked up the

main aisle and joined the church, becoming for a few nights the nucleus of a shouting jubilation. Every summer he attended a soldiers' reunion, drank to the memory of blood-stained battlefields, and was let out of the church as a backslider. If a traveling magician or hypnotist requested "some one from the audience to kindly step upon the stage," "Baz" was always the first to respond. The happiness of his life came from now and then being on a pedestal. "Doc" Silverton knew what he was talking about when he said that on Christmas Eve he would have his man on hand, ready to be married.

As for Miss Beulah Wheatley, she was a small, prim, and exceedingly antique maiden lady who looked out at the world through a pair of bull's-eye spectacles. Those whose memories extended back far enough testified that, as a girl, she had been "not bad lookin'," and they could account for her having been marooned all these years only on the cruel theory that some marry and some don't. Miss Wheatley was a pocket edition of Joan of Arc when it came to church activities, her efforts being concentrated on foreign missionary work. She was a landmark of Zion. "Doc" Silverton once calculated that she had embroidered twenty-seven pairs of slippers for the coming and going preachers. It was known that she owned the house in which she lived, and it was vaguely rumored that she had money invested. In Musselwhite, fitting about like a lonesome and unmated bird among the satisfied and well-fed



"I ain't afraid. I've had the cards stacked on me"

domestic pigeons, she was a pathetic joke. People respected her because she was pious and a good housekeeper, but likewise they poked fun at her, for the "old maid" is always a fair target.

No two people in Musselwhite were more surprised by the announced engagement than Mr. "Baz" Leonard and Miss Beulah Wheatley. "Baz" met the first congratulations with good nature, his only sensation being one of gratification that the public should be interested in his private affairs. Later on, when his denials were poohpoohed into silence, and he was given positive proof that Miss Wheatley had been up to Babcock's store, picking out dress goods, he became alarmed. Even this alarm was tempered by the joy of being the most-talked-about man in Musselwhite, and "Doc" Silverton never lost faith. At the first opportunity he called "Baz" into the office and gave him a long and violent handshaking. "It's somethin' you ought to have done years ago, 'Baz,'" he said, leading his visitor over to an operating chair. "She's a fine woman, and she's got a little property, and I don't see that you could do better."

"I'd like to know how them reports got started," said "Baz." "I ain't seen Miss Wheatley for goin' on six weeks, and when I did see her we didn't talk about nothin' except them Plymouth Rock chickens she bought from—"

"That's all right, 'Baz,'" said "Doc," patting him on the shoulder. "You kept it quiet as long as you could, but Miss Wheatley's a woman, you know, and she was so proud of gettin' you away from all these widows around town, you can't blame her for braggin' a little. Now that it's all settled, we're goin' to give you the biggest weddin' that was ever seen in this neck of the woods."

Thereupon he outlined the plans for Christmas Eve, minimizing the fact that Miss Wheatley would be a party to the exercises, and enlarging upon the glory that would come to the groom. He told how the organ would thunder, how the church would be jammed, how the infant class would strew flowers in the pathway of the hero, and "Baz," listening, was lost.

In the meantime Mrs. Woodson and Mrs. Hufty had been working on Miss Wheatley. They did not falsify to her, but they led her to believe that Mr. Leonard had said many things that were really said by "Doc" Silverton, and they did it in such a way that the feminine conscience did not suffer a single pang. Miss Wheatley gathered, from the nature of their conversation, that they were the emissaries of the would-be groom. Certainly their assurances were emphatic, and she, as if in a dream, permitted herself to be measured for a wedding gown.

And so Miss Wheatley and "Baz" Leonard were engaged and neither had spoken to the other a word that was even remotely suggestive of matrimony. "Doc" Silverton, past-master at politics and all manner of deep scheming, "clinched" the matter by giving a supper at the Commercial Hotel. "Baz" was present and Miss Wheatley was present and many witnesses were present. When the pie had been served, "Doc" arose and made a speech of congratulation to the couple. He referred to the undying splendor of Mr. Leonard's war record, his long and honorable career as a public servant, and the high esteem in which he was held by the beautiful little city of Musselwhite. It was meet and proper, said "Doc," that such a man should choose for his companion and helpmate an estimable lady whose light had never been hidden under a bushel, etc.

"Baz" and Miss Wheatley looked at each other across the celery tops, bewildered, but lacking the moral courage to arise and protest. They were being carried along on a wave of popular enthusiasm. It seemed exhilarating to Miss Wheatley. "Baz" wore an air of melancholy doubt, especially after the supper at the Commercial Hotel, when he had been given the privilege of taking a long, hard, and critical look at Miss Wheatley in her best clothes.

Word came to the committee that the groom was weakening. "Baz" had been meditating and gazing upon two pictures. One was pleasant—he at the church with a yellow rose in his coat and hundreds of people looking at him. The other was a long-drawn vista of straight and narrow matrimony under the supervision of a small but determined woman.

"I guess we'll have to call it off," he said, as he met "Doc" Silverton in front of the post-office, and he looked across the street in a guilty and shamefaced manner.

"You can't call it off," said "Doc." "You've announced your engagement in the presence of witnesses and we've fixed up the whole programme."

"I didn't announce it—you did."

"Well, you were present and silence gives consent. If you try to back out now she can sue you for breach of promise."

"What'll she git?"

"I'm surprised at you, 'Baz'—after all that your friends have done for you in this thing."

"Baz" studied a display of Christmas goods in a window and rubbed his chin reflectively. Finally he said, "I ain't got any clothes that's fit to wear."

"Doc" hesitated. The committee had not undertaken to outfit the bridegroom. But he knew that the failure of his pet enterprise would fill the town with Campbellite hilarity, so he said, "We'll see that you get a new suit."

Christmas Eve came. It found Musselwhite keyed up to the highest pitch of glad expectation. Every aspiring comic in the town had exhausted his stock of inventive humor in thinking up presents to give to "Baz" and Miss Wheatley. From cardboard mottoes of a satirical character to a nickel-plated kitchen stove, the gifts, large and small, were waiting behind the pulpit of the Zion church. As many people as could elbow their way into the seats and aisles and corners of the church were waiting. Miss Wheatley, all in white, with smelling salts, also six married women to give her courage, waited in the pastor's study. And down the street, in a small frame house, a grizzled veteran, who had faced death on many fields of carnage, lay back on his bed and told a despairing committee that he was ill, even to the point of death, and that there could be no wedding. He had put on the new black suit. The black bow tie had been carefully balanced by Sam Woodson. "Baz," with the dull horror of impending calamity numbing his resolution, had even combed his hair, and then, when Mr. Hufty looked at his watch and said, "It's about time to start," "Baz" had been stricken.

"Where does it seem to hurt you?" asked Sam Woodson.

"All over," said "Baz," looking steadfastly at the ceiling. "I'm as weak as a kitten."

"Your pulse is all right," said "Doc" Silverton, "and you've got a good color. Was Freeman Wheatley over to see you to-day?"

"Baz" rolled over and looked at the wall, and then answered hesitatingly, "Yes, I seen him for a little while."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said she didn't have as much property as most people think and that no livin' man could get along with her."

"I thought you was slick enough to see through Freeman Wheatley," said Mr. Hufty. "He wants to sidetrack this thing so he'll come into her property."

"This is no time for foolin'," said "Doc" Silverton, arising and rolling up his sleeves. "There's nothin' the matter with 'Baz' except he's a little overheated by the pleasure of this gladsome occasion. I'll bleed him and cool him off a little and he'll be all O. K."

Saying which he produced a pocket surgical case and took out a long glittering knife.

"Don't you go to cuttin' into me," said "Baz," sitting up in the bed.

"Then you quit this tomfool'n and come along with us," said "Doc" sternly. "We ain't got a minute to spare."

"Baz" thereupon showed immediate improvement. With a deep sigh he stood up and they bundled him into his overcoat.

The moonlit street was quite deserted. It seemed that every one in town was waiting at the church. "Doc" Silvertown walked ahead with the silent victim. Behind, Mr. Hufty and Sam Woodson executed quiet dance steps in the snow, indicative of their joy.

In front of the Gridley house "Baz" stopped. "I need a drink of water," he said. "I think it'd brace me up."

"You can get one at the church," said "Doc."

"I'd rather step in to the Gridley well here. It's the best water in town."

The committee waited at the front gate. "Baz" dis-

appeared around the corner of the house and they heard the dry clanking of the iron pump and the splatter of water, and then there was silence and a pause, but no "Baz" appeared.

"Mebbe he's slipped out the back way," suggested Mr. Hufty in a frightened whisper, and the committee ran for the pump. The Gridley back yard lay quiet in the moonlight and there was neither sound nor sight of bridegroom.

"He couldn't get away so soon," said "Doc." "I don't see any tracks in the snow."

"D'you s'pose—" began Sam Woodson, looking upward, and then he pointed to where Mr. "Baz" Leonard sat in the high crotch of a cherry tree.

"This is a put-up job," said Mr. Leonard. "I'm just gettin' on to it."

"'Baz,' you're actin' like a child," began Mr. Hufty. "Come on, now; they're waitin' for you."

"Let him stay up there and freeze," said "Doc." "I'm done with him. I didn't think an old soldier would be afraid to face a crowd of people."

"I ain't afraid," said "Baz," shifting his position. "I've had the cards stacked on me, that's all."

"Go over to the church, Sam," said "Doc" Silvertown, after an awkward pause. "Tell the whole crowd to come over here and take a look at the bridegroom that's gone to roost like a chicken." Sam started.

"Don't you bring no crowd here," shouted "Baz" as he began to descend. "This is the lowest trick that was ever put up on a human bein'."

Thus ended his resistance. They led him like a lamb to the slaughter.

People in Musselwhite said it was the making of "Baz" Leonard. For years after that he walked a chalk mark and his habits seemed to improve, for he was afraid to attend a soldiers' reunion. He should have been happy, for he lived in a cottage that was spick and span, and had a capable woman to tell him what to do at every turn. And yet there were times when, at Sunday morning services, he would look across the church at "Doc" Silvertown with a reproachful light in his eyes, as if to say, "You did this to me."

Notable Books in the Season's Display

By Robert Bridges

THE season's books have all been published, the display of Christmas literary wares is now complete, and during this month the great public will spend much time in sampling the feast that has been prepared for them by the book-makers. The number of books does not seem to be so large as in former years, and the fuss made about them appears to be less. A noticeable decline has taken place in the Breakfast Food style of advertisement to push fiction. The clamor over editions of one hundred thousand has died down and a chastened air of sober and accurate statement pervades the book trade.

This is a good thing for the author who has been unduly puffed up, and for the publisher, whose profits may now reasonably approach his printed declarations.

The only notable books of biography this year are "Recollections and Letters of Robert E. Lee," in which the great general who had the respect of all Americans is depicted by his son and by his own written words; and Moncure D. Conway's "Reminiscences." Last year furnished three books of equal importance—Morley's "Gladstone," Senator Hoar's "Autobiography," and General Gordon's "Reminiscences." There is a growing consciousness among Americans of the value and vital interest of these biographical records of their great men—and they have become a permanent and profitable part of the publishing business, instead of the perfunctory work of an executor who generally bore the expense of an official biography that was little read.

In fiction there are several books that stand head and shoulders above the crowd—Rudyard Kipling's "Traffic and Discoveries," Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf," Robert Grant's "The Undercurrent," and Howells's "The Son of Royal Langbrith." As a tour

de force Dr. Weir Mitchell's "The Youth of Washington" should also be mentioned.

The Kipling book has been discussed in every phase—sometimes intelligently, often flippantly, and occasionally with solemn malice. The frequent comment of the discontented is that the old charm and freshness of the "Plain Tales from the Hills" has departed. To test this I read them all over with an open mind, and ready for a full acceptance of the old charm as superior to the new. I believe that the deliberate judgment of an appreciative reader who will make this comparison will be entirely in favor of the latest volume. The Kipling of the "Plain Tales" was essentially a clever journalist, filling a column with undeniably scintillating fireworks. But the assured skill of the literary artist, the breadth of sympathy and the freedom of imagination which belong to a really great writer are all in "Traffic and Discoveries." Even the much-maligned Pycroft is a creation of substantial vigor and undying humor—just a little below the great Mulvaney himself. The Kipling of "Kim" and "They" is worth a dozen of the "Plain Tales" youngster.

Jack London would never have found his literary consciousness if there had not been a Kipling. In "The Sea-Wolf" he has attempted a very big problem. He seemed to master it for two-thirds of the book and then grew conventional. His style is full of picturesque vigor, and his power of definite characterization is remarkable. There are two books with which "The Sea-Wolf" can be compared for terribleness, "Wuthering Heights" and "The Master of Ballantrae"—and that is putting it in very distinguished company. But its shortcoming in this comparison is its lack of that grace and subtlety of style which belong to the highest literary art. Mr. London can not hew his way to that shrine with a broad-axe.

Precision of statement and relentless clearness in analysis are the compelling qualities of Judge Grant's "The Undercurrent." It is a mature book in every way—dealing with the complexities of mature life among people who think seriously. The whole question of Divorce is treated without sensationalism, but with great depth of feeling. It is not a treatise, for the characters are vitally a part of American life. It is as true to the realities as Mr. Howells himself. With such books the fiction of the season gains dignity and importance.

Among other notable volumes of fiction are "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson—a new writer, with considerable ingenuity in fancy and a rasping vocabulary; "A Young Man in a Hurry," by Robert W. Chambers, who is always amusing and often sympathetic; "The Seekers," by Harry Leon Wilson—an attempt to apply the arguments of Ingersoll to a family of respectable Presbyterians; "Christmas Eve on Lonesome," by John Fox, Jr.—short stories of the Kentucky Mountains in the delightful vein of "The Little Shepherd"; and that exquisite rural idyll, "The Soldier of the Valley," by Nelson Lloyd—a mingling of delicate humor and pathos that can reasonably be compared with Barrie's shorter stories.

A chapter might be written about the season's poetry—the amusing attempts to be profound, and the profound efforts to be funny. But out of the rack there are a few worthy of preservation: Henry van Dyke's "Music and Other Poems," a real poet's work, in line with the best traditions of English verse; Bliss Carman's "Songs from a Northern Garden," Frank Dempster Sherman's "Lyrics of Joy," and Clinton Scollard's "The Lyric Bough." These worthily represent the poetic accomplishment of the present generation of Americans.

The Credit of the School

By Owen Oliver

IF YOU were some chaps," the "Prof" said, as he handed his suit-case into the train, "I should remind you that the credit of the school is in your hands; but there's no need to mention that to you and Tomlin."

"No, sir," said I.

"No, sir," said Tomlin.

We were the oldest of the boys who were remaining at school for the Christmas holidays.

"It's most unfortunate that I should be telegraphed for just now," he went on, pulling his mustache like he does when he's thinking. "I wanted to give you boys a good time during the holidays, although—The fact is, I shall have to shut up the school unless I get a lot more new boys. Can I trust you to open any letters that come for me, and send a polite note to any parents, saying that I've had to go away at a few minutes' notice, through the illness of my mother, and that you've sent the letters on to me?"

"Yes, sir," we promised.

"You won't let the youngsters kick up a row, or aggravate Mrs. Jones, or get into mischief in the town, I know. So I sha'n't worry about that."

"No, sir," we said.

"Good-by. I wish I could have given you more pocket money, but—"

Then the whistle blew, and the train steamed off. Tomlin and I raced it till we ran into the station agent. Luckily we winded him, and got away before he could run. He is a surly old pig and makes a fuss about any little thing you do.

"You'd think people would be glad to send their kids here," Tomlin said, when we had stopped running, "after old Ranny"—the "Prof's" name is Ransome—"making such a record as he has on the gridiron."

"He doesn't crack himself up enough," I explained. "I saw his advertisement the other day, and it only said, 'good education on moderate terms.' Who cares about good education? And how's he to make money if he doesn't charge enough? If he put in that he was

a Harvard grad., captain of the football eleven, and the crack all-round athlete, there'd be more sense in it!"

"And told them to ask some of us what sort of a school it was! Liddell or Fanny Long could talk them if they were the sort that wanted their kids to cram, and if they were the sensible sort, you could tell them about the sports, Bolster." (They call me that because my name is Boulter.)

"Or you," I said, "or almost any of the chaps. I say, Tommy! Suppose some of the old boys should call while Ranny's away? Then we could tell them."

"Ye-es," said Tomlin, "but suppose they're the cramming sort, and ask us about the lessons?" Tomlin and I are not very good at cramming.

"I might take them on the 'rith'," I said, "or chemistry, but if it came to Latin or geom'—whew!"

"I'll brush up a bit of the Virgil we did last term," Tomlin offered, "and leave the book open at the place on his desk. If they want review, there's young Siggers can remember anything, if he likes. We'll make him work up the 'Marmion' again, the little beast! I've meant to give him a licking for a long time, and now Ranny's away—"

"You can't," I objected. "We're on honor."

"No-o. I suppose not, unless he's fresh. We can't have that. You and I have to keep order, you know."

"Rather," I agreed. "We'll tell the boys now."

There was rather a row, at first, when we told them. Siggers said he wasn't going to learn review for anybody, and Benson said he shouldn't mind me and Tomlin, and Tomlin offered to fight the two of them, and Sandy MacGrigor said he'd fight Tomlin by himself, and Fatty Todd called "Fire!" and pretended to warm his hands on Sandy's hair, and Sandy sat Fatty down with a bang, and Taffy Evans had put a drawing pin on the chair. There would have been an awful row, only I had the presence of mind to shy a book among them!

"Look here!" I shouted. "Who's going to back up Ranny, now he's down on his luck? His mother's awfully sick, and he said he left the credit of the school

in our hands. Hands up who don't care for the credit of the school."

Of course, nobody put hands up, and Tomlin called for three cheers for Ranny, and we shouted like mad. Then I told them that Tomlin and I had to see that they kept bounds and didn't kick up rows, and all that sort of thing; but for the rest they could elect a committee and settle things how they liked. So they elected me captain and Tomlin vice-captain, and we explained about the new kids that Ranny wanted, and how their people might come to see the school; and Siggers said he'd do the review, and Todd offered to do French, because he had a French nurse when he was a kid, and the others all offered to do something. So we passed votes of thanks to them all, and decided to have three meetings a day.

At the first meeting Benson proposed that we should all write to the people we knew, and tell them it was the best school, and they ought to send their kids, and it was carried. Tomlin and I told the others what to say, and we had two meetings to correct the spelling, and another to make Todd leave out that there wasn't enough pie, and we passed a resolution that he was a pig.

There was only one letter from a parent the morning after Ranny left, and she wasn't a real parent, only an aunt. She said her nephew was a dear, innocent little fellow, and she trusted that the rough, rude boys would not be allowed to annoy him; and she hoped that the linen and underclothes were well aired, and that discipline was maintained by moral suasion; and she wanted to know if Ranny's wife would give little Willie a mother's care.

We wrote back to her very politely:

"DEAR MADAM—Mr. Ransome is away because his mother is ill, but we have sent your letter to him. The things are awfully well aired, and he can maintain discipline without moral suasion, because he is a Harvard crack athlete, over six feet, and it is the best school in any State. He is not married, but we think he would marry Miss Fleming if he had enough boys at the school. She is rather young, but she is not stuck up, and we think she would give your

nephew a mother's care when she knew how to. We do not call boys by their Christian names here, but we will not tell anybody, and we think you had better send him, and the boys are all right to new kids if they do not put on frills, and they would freeze to him. Your obedient servants,
"G. BOULTER,
"F. TOMLIN."

The next day there weren't any letters, and we thought it was because the advertisement was too modest, and Siggers (he is a sharp kid, though he is cheeky) proposed that we should club together and put in another, and they charged us two dollars for three times. This is what we said:

"Ripston Boarding Academy is the best school anywhere, and the 'Proff.' is the best ever, and a Harvard record breaker in all sports, and you can learn a lot. The food is good, and there are half holidays on Wed. and Sat., and when anybody gets a scholarship you can come and see it for yourself."

The next day there were several answers to the letters we had written. A lot asking for prospectuses, and Todd's uncle asked if we liked the school because we didn't learn anything. We sent him a translation of twenty lines that Tomlin did with a crib, and told him that one boy could say a canto of "Marmion" right off, and if he'd send us some oxygen and hydrogen, we'd make it into water and send it back to him in a bottle. Sandy MacGrigor's cousin wrote and asked if there was any reduction for twins. We told him there was no reduction, but to send them along, and we'd see that they cut their eye-teeth. Benson's aunt wrote and reminded him that she wasn't married and hadn't any "kids"; but she sent him a dollar and a big cake and a lot of mince pies between us. We passed a vote of thanks and sent her a copy, and said that if she ever did have any kids we hoped she'd send them.

The next day a parent called. We told Mrs. Jones that Ranny wanted us to see him, so she had to let us. He was a big, fat, shiny Hebrew, and had rings all over his fingers. He did not look the sort of parent that the school wanted; but we knew Ranny could not afford to be particular. So we were very polite to him, and Tomlin began construing the Virgil, but he held up his hands, and said he didn't want his "liddle Ikey" to learn stuff like that. Then he winked at me with one eye and at Tomlin with the other.

"Money is vud you vand to learn boys about," he said. "Now subbose you came to me to borrow vun hundred dollars; an' you gave good security, so I only sharge you den ber cent. Vot would you have to bay me back ad the end of the year?"

I told him \$100, but he laughed till he had to hold his sides.

"Vy, my liddle Ikey knows bedder than thad," he said. "I meant den ber cent ber month!"

I said that Mr. Ransome didn't do it that way, and the man said that he didn't understand how to make money, and if he didn't, how could he teach liddle Ikey?

"Now," he went on, "you're two sharp young gentlemen. Does your masder make money? Or do the dradespeople come worryng for their bills? Dell me vud you hear peoble say about thad, an' I'll give you a half-dollar each."

He jingled the money in his trousers pockets, and I stared at Tomlin and Tomlin stared at me, and I thought how nice the man would be to kick.

"People don't talk to us about Mr. Ransome," I said, "and we don't want your chicken-feed."

"And I don't think this school would do for you, son," Tomlin told him. "The boys are rather—Well—there's none of them would take your money to tell about Mr. Ransome."

"Ah!" said the man. "Ah-h! Now I understand!" He laughed again as if Tomlin had said something funny. "You want me to make it a dollar! You'll just get on with liddle Ikey!"

He patted Tomlin on the shoulder, and Tomlin jumped back as if he had been shot, and rubbed his shoulder with his handkerchief and went very red.

"You don't understand," he said. "Mr. Ransome is a gentleman, and he expects us not to do that sort of thing."

The man looked at us very hard.

"You mean you're afraid of him?" he asked.

"No," I said, but Tomlin got redder and redder. He always flies off the handle.

"Yes," he shouted. "I'm afraid he'd call me a cad. You—you blowhard!" He clinched his fists, and I thought he was going for the man.

"Put on the brakes, Tommy!" I said. "He doesn't know any better. If you want to write to Mr. Ransome, sir, we'll give you his address; but I don't think he'll teach your son your sort of business. He—he's awfully down on sneaking."

The man nodded slowly.

"Differend peoble have differend ideas of bus'ness. My idea is to make a good proffid. Bud I do nod sneak, an' I don't vand liddle Ikey to sneak, an' I'll send him here."

"He won't like it," Tomlin said. "When the boys know what you asked us to do—"

"Dud, dud!" said the man. "You can nod sneak on him."

I looked at Tomlin and Tomlin looked at me, and we knew that he had scored off us.

"No-o," I told him, "we can't; but I don't think he'll get on with our boys."

The man wagged his finger at us.

"I'll dell you," he said. "I have made my money, an' I can make liddle Ikey a rich man; bud I can nod make him a gendleman. He has god to grow to thad ad his school. Ven I saw your advertisement I said to myself, here is a masder can make wad he likes of his boys. I'll go and see if he makes them into gendlemen. If you had taken my money I had nod send liddle Ikey here, you see! I bay cash down an' all the extras, dell your masder. Here is my card— Now, vill you dake the money as a bresend?"

We thanked him, but said that we would rather not. So he planked down his card and went. When we took up the card we found a half-dollar under it! And Tomlin and I thought that he wasn't really so bad, and we would see that "liddle Ikey" had a fair deal.

The next day two parents called and three wrote. They all seemed very decent, and the two who called said they would send their boys. One of them came into the fourth classroom and made us quite a speech, and said we were just the sort he hoped his boys were, and young Siggers (he is a cheeky chap) called out, "They're all right if they're your sort, sir." And the

dumplings in it than we did have, and Todd was a chump. Todd said that Tomlin was a gasbag, and we voted that he should be locked up in the cellar for fear the general should see him. Luckily I had a ruler, so I stopped the fight, and we voted that they were to take a back seat, and that we would ask for the chicken fricassee and lots of dumplings, but, as I was captain, I must tell the General that it was extra on his account, and Mrs. Jones said we could have it because we hadn't been so much trouble as she expected, and she would put on her best cap and gown.

Tomlin and I went to the station to meet the General. He was very tall and straight and fierce-looking, and he had a white mustache and white hair, and his eyes seemed to go through you when he asked a question; but he was not stuck up, and shook hands with us, just as if he had been an ordinary man.

We were afraid at first that he would not come and see the school, because Ranny was away; and he said he could not talk to us about it without our master's consent, but we explained that we were managing things for Ranny, and what we had done about the advertisement, so he said he'd come. He hadn't seen our advertisement, and he looked at it for a long while with his nose-nippers, and said "Umph!" several times.

"So you think it's a good school?" he said.

"Umph! Why do you think it's a good school?"

"The boys learn a lot," I said. "At least some of them do. Tomlin will construe some Virgil if you like, sir."

"Don't understand a word of it.

Umph! Some of the boys do some lessons, and Tomlin can do some Virgil! Is that all?"

"Mr. Ransome's an awful swell at games," Tomlin said. "He was captain of the Harvard eleven, and a record breaker at the broad jump, swinging the hammer, and all sports, and did the mile in four-fifty, and nearly all the boys are good sports."

"Umph!" said the General. "Umph! And Mr. Ransome is the best 'Proff,' you say?"

"Yes, sir," we both answered at once.

"Why?" The General seemed to fix us with his eye, and we both looked at one another, and Tomlin kept shifting from one foot to the other. You often know things that you can't explain to people.

"He—" Tomlin began and stopped.

"Well, sir, he always treats you as if you weren't a cad, and so you can't be, you see, sir; and if he says a thing, you know it's all right, and—and—you know what I mean, Bolster?"

"It's what he said when we broke up, sir," I explained. "Only I can't remember it properly; that he could help us to become scholars and he could help us to become athletes, but the most important thing we had to do for ourselves, and that was to grow up like—like gentlemen, you know, sir. But he does help us in that, sir, and I think that's what we mean."

"Umph!" the General said. "I see. Umph!—I'll write to your master. I am pleased to have made your acquaintance."

He took up his hat, and was going, but we asked him to stop to dinner. He said he couldn't at first, but when we told him about the chicken fricassee, he said he would. It was an awful good fricassee, and everything went off jolly well, though that young chump Evans nearly made a mess of it. He told the General that Mrs. Jones had put on her best dress and cap because he was coming, and you should have seen the way she looked at him! But the General bowed and said that a lady could pay no greater compliment than to look her nicest, and Mrs. Jones smiled and bowed.

too, and let Taffy have a second helping of chicken after he had asked three times; and when the General was going, he promised me and Tomlin that he would send all the twenty boys.

We wrote and told Ranny all about it, and said we hoped his mother was better. He wrote back and said she was, and our letter had done her a deal of good. He was mighty pleased by the way we wrote, and put in all sorts of nice things about us; but he always makes out you're better than you are. That's where he has you.

We all went to the station to meet him, and Miss Fleming had gone to meet him at the junction, so she was there too. She was a peach all right, and old Ranny caught hold of our hands and pumped them up and down, and seemed quite choky when he spoke.

"You don't know what it means to me, boys," he said. "I'm hanged if I know how to thank you enough. Miss Fleming wants to thank you, too. She—she is going to join us at the school."

Lots of girls who were going to be the professor's wife would just have bowed and stared at you, but she isn't that sort. She held out both her hands and said, "Please be friends with me!" and we rushed at her and all got hold of her hands at once, and young Siggers threw up his cap and shouted like the fresh little kid he is (but he does the right thing sometimes), "Three cheers for the new boy!"

And she looked prachier than ever, and smiled as if she was almost crying.

"I shall try to be a good boy," she said, "for the credit of the school."



She was a peach all right, and old Ranny seemed quite choky when he spoke

old boy seemed mightily pleased and invited us all to dinner in the town, and it was a dinner.

The morning after there were three letters from other parents saying that their boys would come, and another letter that excited us awfully. It was from Major-General Sterne. He was trustee of a fund which had just been collected for sending twenty sons of dead officers to school, and he proposed to call the next day and see ours, which was one of many that had been recommended to him as suitable for a boy or two. He felt responsible, he wrote, for seeing that the lads were brought up to follow in their fathers' footsteps as officers and gentlemen, and, if possible, he would like to have an opportunity of talking to some of the past and present pupils, to see what sort of boys the school turned out.

We felt very responsible when we read this, and we had a meeting that lasted nearly all the morning to decide how we could make ourselves most gentlemanly. Benson was for putting on our Sunday clothes, and so was I at first; but Siggers (he is really a decent kid, though he is so cheeky) said old Ranny wouldn't like us to humbug any one, even if it was to get a hundred new boys. We thought that was right, and we'd do things just as we always did. Only Todd proposed that we should ask Mrs. Jones to give us chicken fricassee, although it was Irish stew day, and put more dumpling in the fricassee, because generals were used to having plenty to eat, and we could ask him to have some.

Tomlin said it would be cheating to make him think we had chicken fricassee on Irish stew days, and more

The Burglar and the Blizzard

The Christmas Adventure of a Country Gentleman, an Aristocratic Robber, and a Lady of Quality, told in Three Parts



By Alice Duer Miller Illustrated by Charlotte Harding

GEOFFREY HOLLAND stood up, and for the second time surveyed the restaurant in search of other members of his party, two fingers in the pocket of his waistcoat, as if they had just relinquished his watch. He was tall enough to be conspicuous and well-bred enough to be indifferent to the fact, good looking, in a bronzed blond clean-shaven way, and branded in the popular imagination as a young and active millionaire.

At a neighboring table a man leaned forward and whispered to the other men and women with him: "Do you know who that is? That is young Holland."

"What, that boy! He doesn't look as if he were out of school."

"No," said one of the women, elaborating the comment, "he does not look old enough to order a dinner, let alone managing mines."

"Oh, I guess he can order a dinner all right," said the first man. "He is older than he looks. He must be twenty-six."

"What do you suppose he does with all that money?"

The first thing he did with it at the moment was to purchase an evening paper, for just then he snapped his fingers at a boy, who promptly ran to get him one.

"Well, one thing he does," answered the man who had first given information, "he has an apartment in this building, upstairs, and I bet that costs him a pretty penny."

In the meantime Holland had opened his paper, scanned the headlines, and was about to turn to the stock quotations, when a paragraph of interest caught his eye. So marked was the gesture with which he raised it to his eyes that his admirers at the next table noticed it and speculated on the subject of the paragraph.

It was headed: "Millionaires' Summer Homes Looted," and said further:

"Hillsborough, December 21.—The fourth in a series of daring robberies, which have been taking place in this neighborhood during the past month, occurred last night, when the residence of C. B. Vaughan of New York was entered and valuable wines and bric-a-brac removed. The robbery was not discovered until this morning, when a shutter was observed unfastened on the second story. On entering the watchman found the house had been carefully gone over, and, although a few objects only seem to be missing, these are of the greatest value. The thief apparently had plenty of time, and probably occupied the whole night in his search. This is the more remarkable, because the watchman asserts that he spent at least an hour on the piazza during the night. How the thief effected an entrance by the second story is not clear. During the past five weeks the houses of L. G. Inness, T. Wilson, and Abraham Marheim have been entered in a manner almost precisely similar. There was a report yesterday that some of the Marheim silver had been discovered with a dealer in Boston, but that he could not identify the person from whom he bought them further than that she was a young lady to whom they might very well have belonged. The fact that it was a young lady who disposed of them to him suggests that the goods must have changed hands several times. The Marheim family is abroad, and the servants—"

Here a waiter touched his elbow.

"Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan have come, sir," he said.

"Send up to my apartment and tell Mrs. May we are sitting down to dinner," returned Holland promptly, and advanced to meet the prosperous looking couple approaching.

"I'm afraid we are late," said the lady, "but can you

blame us? Have you heard? We have been telegraphing to Hillsborough all the afternoon to find out what has gone."

"You are not late. My sister has not come down yet. I was just reading about your robbery. Have you lost anything of value?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Mrs. Vaughan cheerfully, sitting down and beginning to draw off her gloves. "We had a Van Dyke etching, and some enamels that have gone certainly, and Charlie feels awfully about his wine."

"Yes," said Mr. Vaughan gloomily. "I tell you, the thief is going to have a happy time with that champagne. It is the best I ever tasted."

"Upon my word," said Geoffrey, "they are a nice lot of countrymen up there. Four robberies and not so much as a clow."

"You need not be afraid," said Mrs. Vaughan, rather spitefully. "In spite of all your treasures, I don't believe any thief would take the trouble to climb to the top of your mountain."

Holland's selection of a distant hilltop for his large place pleased no true Hillsboroughite. As an eligible bachelor he was inaccessible, and as a property-holder he was too far away to increase the value of Hillsborough real estate by his wonderful lawns and gardens.

Mrs. Vaughan's irritation did not appear to disturb Geoffrey, for he laughed very amiably, and replied that he could only hope that the thief was as poor a pedestrian as she seemed to imagine, as he should not like to lose any of his things, and he added that in his opinion Vaughan ought to be starting for Hillsborough at once.

"Pooh," said that gentleman, "I can't go with the market in this condition—would lose more than the whole house is worth."

"You would go duck-shooting in a minute," said Holland, "and this would be a good deal better sport."

Mr. Vaughan ignored this remark. "The thing to do," he said, "is to offer a reward, a big enough reward to attract some first-class detective."

"All right," said Geoffrey readily. "I'll join you. Those other fellows ought to be willing to put up a thousand apiece—that will be five thousand. Is that enough? We can have it in the papers to-morrow. What shall I say? Five thousand dollars reward will be paid for information leading to the conviction—and so on. I'll go and telephone now," and with a promptness which surprised Mr. Vaughan he was gone.

When he came back his sister was in her place, and they were all discussing the burglary with interest. Mrs. May, who was somewhat older than her brother, had some of the more agreeable qualities of a gossip, that is to say, she had imagination and a good memory for detail.

"For my part," she was saying, "I have the greatest respect and admiration for him. Do you know, he could not find anything worth taking at the Wilsons', after all his trouble. I have often sat in that drawing-room myself, and wondered, if they should offer me anything in it as a present, whether I could find anything that would not actually disgrace me. I never could. He evidently felt the same way. The Wilsons make a great to-do about the house having been entered, and tell you how he must have been frightened away—frightened away by the hideousness of their things! Those woolly paintings on wood, and the black satin parasol that turns out to be an umbrella-stand."

"My dear Florence," said her brother mildly, "how can a black satin parasol be an umbrella-stand?"

"Exactly, Geof, how can it? That is what you say

all through the Wilsons' house. How can it be! However, it is not really black satin, only painted to resemble it. The waste-paper baskets look like trunks of trees, and the match-boxes like old shoes. Nothing in the house is really what it looks like, except the beds; they look uncomfortable, and some one who had stayed there told me that they were."

"Dear Florence," said Mrs. Vaughan, "it is so like her kindness of heart—it runs in the family—to try and make my burglary into a compliment. But really, though it is flattering to be robbed by a connoisseur, I could forego the honor. You see you have taken away my last hope that my very best escaped his attention."

"No, indeed, the best is all he cares for. Honestly, Jane, haven't you an admiration for a man of so much taste and ability? Just think, he has entered four houses, and there is not the slightest trace of him."

"There must be traces of him," said Geoffrey. "The Inness house was entered after that snowstorm in the early part of the month. There must have been foot-prints."

"Of course," said Mr. Vaughan, "that is what makes me think that the watchmen are in it. It's probably a combination of two or three of them."

"Well, that lets Geoffrey out," said the irrepressible Florence. "No one would take his watchman into any combination—he is a thousand and two and feeble for his age. However, there is no use in discussing the possibility, for it is not a combination of watchmen, begging your pardon, Mr. Vaughan. It is a lonely genius, a slim dark figure in a slouch hat. That is the way I imagine him. Do you really suppose that a watchman would take six pair of Mrs. Inness's best linen sheets, embroidered with her initials, the monogram so thick that it scratches your nose, and a beautiful light blue silk coverlet—all just out from Paris? I saw them when she first had them."

"What," said Geoffrey, addressing the other male intellect present, "do you make of the young woman who disposed of some of the Marheim silver in Boston?"

But it was Mrs. May who answered: "She is, of course, the lady of his love—a lady doubtless of high social position in Boston. There was a book about something like that once. He is just waiting to make one more grand coup, rob the bank or something, and then the world will be startled by the news of their elopement. They will go and live somewhere luxuriously in the South Pacific, and travelers will bring home strange stories of their happiness and charm. Perhaps, though, he would turn pirate. That would suit his style."

"I hope," said Holland, "that he won't take a fancy to rob the Hillsborough Bank, for I consider it public spirited to keep quite a little money there. You begin to make me nervous."

"No bank robbery could make me nervous," replied his sister; "that is the comfort of being insignificant. I have not enough money in any bank to know the difference, and as for my humble dwelling in Hillsborough, who would take the trouble to rifle it when Geoffrey's palace is within an easy walk? Besides, I haven't anything worth the attention of a respectable burglar like this one."

"Thank you," said Geoffrey, "I'm sorry I spent so much time choosing your Christmas present a year ago."

"Oh, of course, Geof, dear, that wonderful old silver is valuable, but it is put away where I defy any burglar to find it. There is only my sable coat, and I am going to send for that as soon as I have time to have it cut over."

"In my opinion," said Mr. Vaughan, "the man is no longer in the neighborhood. He would scarcely dare make a fifth attempt while the whole country was so aroused. You see Hillsborough has always been an attractive place to thieves. It is such an easy place to get away from—three railroads within reach. A man would be pretty sure to be able to catch a passing freight train on one of them at almost any time, to say nothing of the increased difficulty of tracing him."

"I don't suppose he will ever be caught," said Florence. "When he has got all he wants he will simply melt away and be forgotten. If he were caught—"

Here she was interrupted by the waiter, who laid a telegram at her plate. It had come to her brother's apartment, and been sent down.

"Who is telegraphing me?" she said, as she tore it open. "I hope Jack has not been breaking himself."

Opening it, she read: "Your house was entered about five o'clock this afternoon. Tea-set and sable coat missing."

II

THE next evening at seven o'clock, Holland stepped out of the train at the Hillsborough Station. He wore a long fur-coat, for the morning had been bitterly cold in New York, and, though the snow was now falling in small close flakes, the temperature had not risen appreciably and a wild wind was blowing.

He looked about for the figure of McFarlane, for he had telegraphed the old man to meet him at the train with a trap, but there was no one to be seen. The station, which in summer on the arrival of the express was a busy scene with well-dressed women and well-kept horses, was now utterly deserted except for one native who had charge of the mails.

"Hullo, Harris," Geoffrey sung out. "Is McFarlane here for me?"

"Ain't seen him. Guess it's too stormy for the old man," Harris replied, dropping the mailbag into his wagon.

"Then you've got to drive me out."

"What, all the ways to your place? No, sir. I guess it is too stormy for me, too."

But Geoffrey at last, by the promise of three times what the trip was worth, induced Harris to change his mind. He stepped into the mail-cart, and, having stopped at the post-office to leave the bag and at the stable to change the cart for a sleigh, they finally set out on their five-mile drive.

"Guess you come up to see about Mr. May's house being robbed," Harris hazarded before they had gone far.

"You're a nice lot, aren't you?" returned Geoffrey.

"Five robberies and not a motion to catch the thief!"

"Oh, I dunno, I dunno, there is a big reward out today," said Harris, divided between pride in the notoriety and shame at the lawlessness of his native town.

"Yes, but not by any of you."

"Well, the boys did talk some of a vigilance committee, if any more houses was robbed."

"They are going to wait for him to make up his half-dozen?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said Harris, "it seems like he only went for you city folks, and I guess the boys thought you could better afford to lose a few things than they could to lose their sleep. That's about the size of it."

Geoffrey could not but laugh. "That's a fine-spirited way to look at it, I must say."

"Well," returned Harris, who appeared to have need of the monosyllable in order to collect and arrange his ideas, "tain't lack of sand exactly, either, for most of the fellows about here thinks it is a woman."

"A woman!" cried Geoffrey, remembering the lady in Boston.

"Yes, sir," said Harris, "a young woman. Look at the things took. What burglar would want sheets and a lady's coat? Beside, just before the first one happened, Will Brown, he was driving along up your way, and a young woman pretty as a picture, Will said, slips out of the wood and asks for a lift. Well, Will takes her some two miles, and when they got to that piece of woods at the back of your place she says of a sudden that she guesses she wants exercise, and will walk the rest of the way, and out she gets, and no one has seen her since. Seems kinder strange, no house but yours within six miles, and you away."

"It would have seemed quite as strange if I had been at home," returned Geoffrey, amused at this imputation.

"Well," Harris went on imperturbably, "you can't tell the rights of them stories. Will Brown, he's a liar, just like all the Browns, still this time he seemed to think he was telling the truth. Looks like we were going to have a blizzard, don't it?"

When they reached the McFarlane cottage, Mrs. McFarlane appeared bobbing on the threshold. She was an old Scotch woman, and covered all occasions with a courtesy. It appeared that Holland's telegram had been duly telephoned from the office, but that her husband was down with rheumatism, the second gardener dismissed, and the "boy" allowed to go home to spend Christmas, so that there had been no one to send. Geoffrey suggested that she might have telephoned to the local livery stable, and she was at once so overcome at her own stupidity that she could do nothing but bob and murmur, until Geoffrey sent her away to get him something to eat.

It was near ten o'clock when he determined to take a turn about his house. The next day he intended removing all valuables to the vaults of the Hillsborough Bank.

It was a long walk from the cottage, and Geoffrey as he trudged uphill against the wind was surprised to find how much snow had already fallen. He had expected to return to New York the next day, but now a fair prospect of being stalled on the way presented itself. It took him so much longer to reach the house than he had supposed that he abandoned all idea of entering it. It stood before him grimly like a mountain

of gray stone, its face plastered with snow. He walked round it, feeling each door and window to be sure of the fastenings. Once past the corner, the house sheltered him from the wind. He was conscious of that exhilaration snowstorms so often bring, while at the same time the atmosphere of desolation that surrounds all shut-up houses, even one's own, took hold of him. Unconsciously he stopped and felt in his pocket for his revolver, and at the same moment faintly in the interior of the house he heard a clock strike.

The sound was not perhaps alarming in itself, yet it sounded ominously in Geoffrey's ears. He recognized, or thought he recognized, the bell. It was that of an old French clock he had bought and had never had put in order. He had never been able to make it go, but once, touching it inadvertently, he had aroused in it a breath of life so that it had struck once—this same sweet piercing note. Who, he wondered, was touching it now?

Geoffrey was one of those who act best and naturally without delay. Now he hesitated not at all. He had the keys of the house in his pocket, and he moved quickly toward a side door, which he remembered swung silently on its hinges. It was not so much that he believed that there was any one in the house—perhaps to the most apprehensive a burglar comes as a surprise—but he felt he had too good grounds for suspicion to fail to investigate.

He unlocked the door without a sound. As he stepped within, doubt was put an end to by the patch of white light, that streaming out of the library door fell across the passageway before him. He stooped down and took off his boots, and then cautiously approached the open door and looked in, knowing that darkness and preparation were in his favor.

His caution was unnecessary, for his entrance had not been heard. The Hillsborough theory of the femininity of the burglar instantly fell to the ground. A man of medium size was standing before one of the bookcases, with his elbow resting near the clock; he was holding a volume in his hands with the careful ease of a book fancier. The man's back was turned so that a sandy head and a strongly built figure were all Geoffrey could make out. Had it not been for a glimpse of a mask on this face he might have been a student at work.

So intent did he appear that Geoffrey could not resist the temptation to make his entrance dramatic. Creeping almost to the other's elbow, revolver in hand, he said gently: "Fond of reading?"

The man, naturally startled, made a surprisingly quick movement toward his own revolver, and had it knocked out of his hand with a benumbing blow. Geoffrey secured the weapon, and, seeing the man's retreat, may be excused for supposing the struggle over.

He underestimated his adversary's resources; for the burglar, retreating with a look of surrender, came within reach of the electric light, turned it off, and fled in the total darkness that followed. Geoffrey sprang to the switch, but the few seconds that his fingers were fumbling for it told against him. When he turned it on the room was empty. The door by which the thief had gone opened on the main hall and not on the passageway, so that Geoffrey still had time to secure the outer door. Next he lighted the chandelier in the hall,



Revolver in hand, he said gently: "Fond of reading?"

but its illumination told nothing. It was Geoffrey's own sharp ears that told him of light footsteps beyond the turn of the stairs. Here Holland recognized at once that the burglar had a great advantage. The flight of stairs from the hall reached the upper story at a point very near where the back stairs came up, while they descended to widely different places in the lower story, so that the burglar looking down could choose his flight of stairs as soon as he saw his pursuer committed to the other, and thus reach the lower hall with several seconds to spare. Fortunately, however, Geoffrey remembered that there was a door at the foot of the back stairs. With incredible quickness he turned off the light again, threw his boots upstairs, in the ingenious hope that the sound would give the effect of his own ascent, dashed round and locked the door at the foot of the stairs, and then at the top of his speed ran up the front stairs and down the back. The result was somewhat as he expected. The burglar had reached the door at the foot of the stairs, and, finding it locked, was halfway up again when he and Geoffrey met. The impetus of Geoffrey's descent carried the man backward. They both landed against the locked door with a force that burst it open; Geoffrey on top and armed, had little difficulty in securing his bruised foe and marching him back to the library, where he now took the precaution of locking all the doors.

Geoffrey, who had felt himself tingling with excitement and the natural love of the chase, now had time to wonder what he was going to do with his capture. He thought of the darkness, the storm, the absence of the two undermen, and the helplessness of the McFarlanes. Then he remembered the telephone, which fortunately stood in a closet off the library.

He turned to the burglar. "Stand with your face to the wall and your hands up," he said, "and if I see you move—I'd just as lief shoot you as look at you," with which warning he approached the telephone and, still keeping an eye on the other, rang up Central. There was no answer. He rang again—six, seven times he repeated the process unavailingly. He tried the private wire to the McFarlane cottage with no better result.

At this point the burglar spoke.

"Oh, what the devil!" he said mildly. "I can't stand here with my hands over my head all night."

"You'll stand there," replied Geoffrey with some temper, "until I'm ready for you to move."

"And when will that be?"

"When this fool of a Central answers."

"Oh, not as long as that, I hope," said the burglar, "because, to tell the truth, I always cut the telephone wires before I enter a house."

There was a pause in which it was well Geoffrey did not see the artless smile of satisfaction which wreathed the burglar's face. At length Geoffrey said:

"In that case you might as well sit down, for we seem likely to stay here until morning." He calculated that by that time Mrs. McFarlane, alarmed at his absence, would send some one to look for him—some one who could be used as a messenger to fetch the constable.

In this suggestion the burglar appeared to acquiesce, for he sank at once into an armchair—an armchair toward which Holland himself was making his way, knowing it to be the most comfortable for an all-night session. Feeling the absurdity of making any point of the matter, however, he contented himself with the sofa.

"Take down your mask," he said, as he sat down.

"So I will, thank you," said the burglar, as if he had been asked to remove his hat, and with his left hand he slipped it off. The face that met Geoffrey's interested gaze was thin yet ruddy, and tanned by exposure so that his very light brilliant eyes flared oddly in so dark a surrounding. Above, his sandy hair, which had receded somewhat from his forehead, curled up from his temples like a baby's. His upper lip was long, and with a pleasant mouth gave his face an expression of humor. His hands were ugly, but small.

They sat for some time without moving, the burglar engaged in bandaging the cut on his right hand, with obvious indifference to Holland's presence, Geoffrey meanwhile studying him carefully. The process of bandaging over, the man reached out his hand toward the bookcase, and, selecting a volume of Sterne, settled back comfortably in his chair. Holland stared at him an instant in wonder, and then attempted to follow his example. But his attention to his book was much less concentrated than that of his captive, whose expression soon showed him to be completely absorbed.

They must have sat thus for an hour before the burglar began to show signs of restlessness. He asked if it were still snowing, and looked distinctly disturbed on being told it was. At last he broke the silence again.

"You don't remember me, do you?" he said.

Geoffrey slowly raised his eyes without moving—his revolver was drooping in his right hand. He ran his mind over his criminal acquaintance unsuccessfully, and repeated:

"Remember you?"

"Yes, we were at school together for a time."

Geoffrey stared, and then exclaimed spontaneously:

"You used to be able to wag your ears."

"Can still."

"Why, you are Skinny McVay."

The man nodded. Neither was without a sense of humor, and yet saw nothing comic in these untender reminiscences.

"I remember the masters all hated you," said Geoffrey; "but you were straight enough then, weren't you?"

Again the man nodded. "I took to this sort of thing a month or so ago."

After a moment, Geoffrey said:

"Did not I hear you were in the navy?"

"No," said McVay, "I was at Annapolis for a few months. I had an idea I should like the navy,



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but heavens above! I could not stand the Academy. They threw me out. It seems I had broken every rule they had ever made. It was worse than State's prison."

"Are you in a position to judge?" asked Geoffrey.

"No," said McVay, as if he nevertheless had information on the subject.

"Well, you will be soon," said Holland.

"Yes," remarked McVay ruminatively, "I've done a lot of things in my time."

"Well, I don't want to hear about them," said Geoffrey, who had no intention of being drawn into an intimate interchange.

It must have been toward morning, when he suddenly flung down his book with a force that brought Geoffrey's revolver upon him, and exclaimed:

"Look here, Holland, you've got to let me go and get my sister."

"Your what?"

For a few minutes Geoffrey's determined attention to his book discouraged his companion, but presently rapping the pages of "Tristram Shandy" with the back of his hand, he exclaimed:

"Sterne! Ah, there was a man! Something of my own type, too, it sometimes strikes me. Ordinary standards meant nothing to him—too original—sees life from another standpoint, entirely. That's me! I—"

"Sit down!" roared Geoffrey.

"Oh, it's nothing, nothing," said McVay, "only I talk better on my feet."

"Well, you wouldn't talk as well with a bullet in you," McVay sank back again in his chair. "Yes," he said, "that's true. Why, Holland, I have no doubt you would be surprised if you knew the number of things that I can do—that I am really proficient in. Anything with the hands"—he waved his fingers in the air—"is no trouble to me at all. I have at once a natural skill that most people take a lifetime to acquire."

"I'm told there's work for all where you are going," McVay looked a trifle puzzled for an instant, but, never allowing himself to remain at a loss, he said:

"Work! Do you really mean to say that you believe in a utilitarian heaven, where we are going to work with our hands? For my part—"

"I had reference to the penitentiary," said Geoffrey.

"Oh, yes, of course, the penitentiary. There are some wonderful men in the penitentiary. You don't admit that, I suppose, with your conventional ideas; but to me they are just as admirable as any other great creative artists—sculptors or financiers. I see you don't quite get that. You are hemmed in by conventional standards, and your possessions, and all the things to which you attach such great importance."

"I don't attach so much importance that I steal them from other people," said Geoffrey.

"Philistine, Holland, philistine! Is not any one who has anything stealing from some one or other? Of course. But I see you don't catch the idea. Well, I dare say I would not either in your place—rather think I would not. My sister is just the same way. Sweet girl, witty in her own way, but philistine. She, who is in many ways my superior, is so good as to be my companion apparently on equal terms, but it would be impossible for me even to mention these ideas to her—ideas which are of the greatest interest to me."

"I wonder," said Geoffrey, "how much of all this rubbish you believe."

McVay smiled with great sweetness. "I wonder myself, Holland. Still it is undeniably amusing, and the main thing is that I enjoy life—a hard life, too, in many ways. Fate has dealt me some sad blows. Look at such a coincidence as your turning up to-night, of all nights in the year."

"It was scarcely a coincidence. I came—"

"Oh, I know, I know. You came to see after your sister's things, but still, if you look at it a little more carefully, you will see that it *was* a coincidence that you should be by nature a man of prompt action. Nine men out of ten in your place— Still, I'm not depressed. You can not say, Holland, that I behave or talk like a man who has ten years of hard labor before him, can you? I dare say you have never been thrown with a person who showed less anxiety. Yet as a matter of fact there is something preying on my mind—something entirely aside from anything you could imagine."

"You don't tell me," said Geoffrey, who did not know whether to be more amused or infuriated at his companion's conversation.

"I am about to tell you," said McVay graciously. "I am very seriously worried about my sister. In fact, I don't see that there is any getting out of it; you will have to let me go out for an hour or so and get her."

"Let you do what?"

"Get my sister. She's living in a little hut in your woods, and I am actually afraid she will be snowed up."

"It seems highly probable."

"Well, then, I must go and get her."

Geoffrey stared at him a moment, and then said,

"You must be crazy."

"Maybe I am," answered McVay, as if the suggestion were not without an amusing side. "Maybe I am. But that is not the point. Think of a girl, Holland, alone, all night, in such a storm. Now I put it to you, is it not a position in which you would leave your sister, is it?"

Geoffrey began a sentence, and, finding it inadequate, contented himself with a laugh.

"There you see," said McVay. "It's out of the question. The place is draughty, too, though there is a stove. Do you remember the house at all? You would be surprised to see how nicely I've fixed it up for her."

"No doubt I should," replied Holland, thinking of the Vaughan and Marheim valuables.

"It is surprisingly livable, but it is draughty," McVay went on. "The truth is, I ought to have gone South, as I meant to do last week. But one can not foresee everything. The winters have been open until Christmas so often lately. However, I made a mistake and I am perfectly willing to rectify it. If you have no objection, I'll go and bring her back here."

"If you have any respect for your skin, you won't move from that chair."

"Oh, the devil, Holland, don't be so—" he hesitated for the right word, not wishing to be unjust—"so obtuse. Listen to that wind. It's cold here. Think what it must be in that shanty."

"Very unpleasant, I should think."

"More than that, more than that—suffering, I have no doubt. Why, she might freeze to death if anything went wrong with the fire. It is not safe. It's a distinct risk to leave her. Let alone that a storm like this would scare any girl alone in a place like that, there is some danger to her life. Don't you see that?"

"Yes, I see," returned Geoffrey, "but you ought to have thought of that before you came burgling in a blizzard."

"Thought of it!" Of course, I thought of it. But I had no idea whatever of being caught. With old McFarlane laid up, and the two boys away, it did seem about the safest job yet."

There was a pause, for Geoffrey evidently had no intention of even arguing the matter, and presently McVay continued: "Now you know you would feel badly to-morrow morning if anything went wrong with her and you knew you could have helped it."

"Helped it!" said Geoffrey. "What do you mean? Let you loose on the county for the sake of a story no sane man would believe?"

"Well," returned McVay judicially, "perhaps you could not do that, but you could go yourself."

"Yes," said Geoffrey. "I could—"

"Then I think you ought to be getting along."

"Upon my word, McVay," said Holland, "you are something of a humorist, aren't you?"

McVay again looked puzzled, but rose to the occasion.



Chromatic Drawing. 1904.

A young lady disposed of the goods

"Oh, hardly that," he said. "Every now and then I have a way of putting things—a way of my own. I find often I am able to amuse people, but if you are cheerful yourself, you make other people so. I was just thinking that it must be a great thing for men who have been in prison for years to have some one come in with a new point of view."

"I am sure you will be an addition to prison life. It's an ill wind, you know."

"It's an ill wind for my sister, literally enough. Come, Holland. You certainly can trust me."

"Why, what do you take me for?" said the exasperated Geoffrey. "Do you really suppose that I am going looking for a den of your accomplices in order to give you a chance to escape?"

"Accomplices!" exclaimed McVay, and for the first time a shade of anger crossed his brow. "Accom-

plices! I have no accomplices. Anything I do, I think I am able to do alone. Still," he added, putting aside his annoyance, "if you feel nervous about leaving me, I'd just as lief give you my word of honor to stay here until you come back."

"Your what?"

McVay made a slight gesture of his shoulders, as if he were being a good deal tried. "Oh, anything you like," he said. "I suppose you could lock me up in a closet."

"I don't think we need trouble to arrange the details," said Geoffrey dryly. "But I'll tell you what I will do. After I get you safely in jail to-morrow, I'll get a trap and go and look up this hut."

"It may be too late then."

"It may," said Geoffrey, and continued to read.

Yet he had no further satisfaction in his book. He knew that the burglar kept casting meditative glances at him as if in wonder at such brutality, and, in truth, his own mind was not entirely at ease. If by any chance the story were true, if there were a woman at his doors freezing to death, how could he sit enjoying the fire? But, on the other hand, could any one have a more evident motive for deception than his informant? What better opportunity for escape could be arranged? It was so evident, so impudent, as to be almost convincing. What more likely, for instance, than that the hut was a regular rendezvous for criminals and tramps—that by going he would be walking into the very trap? Yet again there was the report, confirmed by Harris's story, that a woman was in some way connected with these robberies. The wind whistled round the house, with a suggestion of difficulty, of combat with the elements, of actual danger, perhaps, that suddenly gave Geoffrey a new view of delay. Had it not something the air of cowardice, or at least of laziness? He found his eyes had read the same page three times, while his brain was busy devising means by which McVay could be secured in his absence—if he went.

At length he rose suddenly to his feet.

"I'll go," he said; "but before I go, I'll tie you up so safely that, if I don't come back, you'll starve to death before you'll be able to get out or make any one hear you. On those terms, do you still want me to go?"

"Oh, yes, I want you to go," said McVay, "only for goodness sake be careful. If you should feel any temptation to lie down and go to sleep, don't yield to it; they say it's fatal. The great thing is to keep on walking—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Geoffrey. In view of the possibility that he was going to meet death at the hands of his fluent companion's accomplices, he found this friendly advice unbearable.

"This hut, I take it," he said, "is an old woodcutter's shanty in the north woods?"

"Yes, something over a mile and a half north of here."

"I know the place," said Geoffrey. "Now come along, and we'll see how I can fix you up until I come back."

He had in mind a heavy upstairs cedar closet. It had been designed by a thoughtful architect for the storing of summer wearing apparel, and was strongly built. It had besides the advantage of having a door that opened in, and so was difficult to break open from the inside. Here, having removed a complete burglar's outfit from his pockets, Geoffrey disposed of McVay, being met with a readiness on McVay's part that seemed to prove either that he was sincere in his belief in Holland's safe return, or else was perfectly confident of being able to open the door as soon as Geoffrey's back was turned.

"But he'll find himself mistaken," Geoffrey murmured as, having locked the door, he turned away. At this instant a faint knocking was audible, and, gathering that McVay had some final instructions to give, Geoffrey again opened the door.

"By the way," said the burglar, and for the first time a certain constraint, amounting almost to embarrassment, was discernible in his manner, "my sister has no idea about—it would be a great shock to her—in fact, you understand, she has not discovered exactly how our money comes to us."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" asked Geoffrey.

"I grant it does not sound likely," returned McVay, "and, indeed, would not be possible with any other man than myself. But I hit upon a pretty good yarn—worked out well every way. I told her—"

"I don't want to hear your infernal lies."

"But it might be convenient for you to know. I told her," McVay chuckled, "that I was employed as night watchman at Drake's paper mills. That, of course, kept me out all night, and—"

"She must think night watchmen get good wages."

"That was just it. I told her Drake was an old friend of mine, and just wanted an excuse to give me an allowance until he found me a better job. You see I just lost a nice job in a bank—"

"I suppose it would be indiscreet to inquire why."

"Well, we won't discuss it," said McVay, with an agreeable smile. "Of course, she could understand that such an inferior position as a watchman's had to be kept a profound secret, hence our remote mode of life, and the fact that I don't allow a butcher or baker to come near us. I tell her that if it were known that I had held such a poor position it would interfere with my getting a better. So if you should happen to find that you have to explain to her why I am detained here—"

"If I should explain to her," said Geoffrey. "What do you suppose I am going to do?"

"Well, I suppose you will find it necessary," said McVay. "Indeed, as a matter of fact, I would much rather have you do it than do it myself. Still, you might bear in mind to tell her as gently as possible. If she were your own sister—"

"Oh, go to the devil!" said Geoffrey, and slammed the door.

(To be continued)



Steven was quite pale as he caught her back

"If Youth But Knew!"

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "The Bath Comedy," "The Pride of Jennico," Etc.

A Series of Six Tales of Love and Adventure,
Laid in Westphalia in the Days of King Jerome

III. The Burgrave's Farewell

IT WAS a great folded sheet, and bore, on a huge seal, a spreading coat-of-arms. It was addressed: "To the High-born Steven Lee, Graf Waldorf zu Kilmanegg, at the Silver Stork Inn, Wellenshausen," and contained a brief but courteous message:

"Honored Sir—I have just returned to my house and hear, with desolation, that I have missed the amiable visit which you have vouchsafed to it. Hoping that you may not yet have left the neighborhood, I send this in haste. Will you not retrace your steps—if you think our poor hospitality still worth acceptance—and give me the exceeding gratification of calling myself your host?"

"Charles-Ludovic, Burgrave of Wellenshausen."

The young traveler, who had been looking back on his stolen visit to the castle on the peak, and on his evening with the ladies sheltered behind its forbidding walls, as an adventure of some spice (though, in its integrity, harmless enough), was seized with disappointment. So much for all latter-day romance; so much for the reputed Bluebeard of Wellenshausen; for the husband so ferociously jealous, report said, that he must shut up his Fatima in a tower as tight as St. Barbara's. Why, so far from striking off Fatima's head, he sends in haste to recall, the audacious visitor and craves to be allowed to expend upon him the treasures of an amiable disposition.

"Ah, Fiddler, my friend," thought Count Steven sagely, "you and your music have discoursed wild nonsense anent the surprises of life, anent the golden rose of youth . . . but the world is a workaday place, drab and dull of hue; and the dreams with which your words have filled my thoughts are but the children of my own fantasy and your own fiddle-bow."

He looked across the inn-yard, through a screen of vine-leaves, to where the Fiddler was seated on a bench, playing away with a will, eyes beaming upon a ring of dancing children. The heaviness of the morning was clearing; yellow shafts of sunlight pierced the mists. Steven hesitated. The messenger from the Castle, a smart Jäger in a green-and-mulberry uniform, stood on one side with the decorous indifference of his condition, his lips pursed for a voiceless whistle to the tune that made gay the poor inn-yard. A little further away, the young nobleman's traveling chaise was even now being packed under the supervision of his Lordship's body-servant. . . . The Burgrave's invitation was banality itself, almost trivial; yet the programme for the day's journey was more everyday still.

THE Fiddler drew a long last note, and the children raised a shout of protest. A bell began to jangle, ugly and persistent. "School-time!" cried the musician. He got up and nodded across to Steven. "Has my Lord Bluebeard invited you back upon his height?—Don't go."

"You advise me not to go?" cried the other in amazement. He had had but two days' acquaintance with this crazy fellow, who, partly by the witchery of his music and partly by the air of mystery which surrounded him, partly again by some odd personal power, had fascinated him as no other human being had ever done before. This sober counsel, certes, was quite the last thing the young man had expected from lips that hitherto, upon every occasion, had suggested the out-of-the-way step, the fantastic resolve; urged them passionately, in the name of Youth and Opportunity.

Of course that decided it. "Don't go," said the Fiddler. Steven Lee, Count Kilmanegg, if Austrian by name, was half English by blood and more than half by education. And he was twenty-two; combativeness and obstinacy rose in arms. He had not been long his own master. Inevitably he went.

He drove in state to the foot of the crag, and while his box and valise were loaded upon the mule that was

to climb the rocky path to the feudal nest of granite, he paused to look down at the brown waters that rushed, so swift and dark, so cruelly cold, from unexplored caverns on the flanks of the mount. As he passed, he found that the traveling Fiddler had overtaken him and was about to pass onward along the highroad.

"We shall meet soon again, I trust, friend," he cried affably, and himself turned to ascend the path.

"Who can tell?" said the Fiddler in a grave voice. The young man glanced up at his destination, black and grim against a pale sky, and a chill came upon him like a sudden shadow.

THE Burgrave was elderly, to have so young a wife; but he was a handsome man, square-built and portly. His manners were very fine—so fine, indeed, as to be confusing to his guest, straight from England and English reticence. The Burgrave smiled frequently, and joked, too, to a vast extent, with his wife and niece; but it was noticeable to Steven that the former seemed ill at ease, and that the latter now and again regarded her relation with an eye in which surprise and contempt were mingled.

Indeed, to the Count himself, his host's most boisterous laugh not unfrequently rang hollow; and, when they were alone together, it was not without some vague discomfort that he would find the Burgrave's gaze fixed upon him with a stoniness totally at variance with the bland expansion, the flattering expression which hovered upon his lips.

ON the morning of the third day, Steven, invited to inspect the view from the battlements in an exceptionally clear light, found himself alone with Burgravine Betty on the topmost turret of the Burg. The Burgrave's great laugh was echoing up to them from the inner recesses of the winding stair.

"O Heavens!" said the lady suddenly. Steven turned. The cry was so tragic, apparently so unwarranted. The Burgravine's eyes were dry, but there was real terror on her pretty face.

"Why did you come?" she whispered. "In the name of mercy! was it not evident that it was a trap?"

"A trap!" he stammered.

"Yes, yes! O, do you not feel it? He is watching us like a cat—a cat going to spring; and I am the wretched mouse waiting—waiting. O, I can stand it no longer. I shall go mad. If only you had not come. How did he know? What did I tell him? There was nothing to tell, say you; we had done no harm. That is just it! I told him a lie, of course, and he found out it was a lie—that is of course, too. A man who has spies all about his place! And now he believes I am hiding something, and he is waiting only to be quite sure. O, sir, you might have known! A man who shuts up his wife for jealousy is not seized with such effusive hospitality toward handsome strangers without a reason of his own."

The warm olive had crept back to her face with the comfort of being able to speak at last. And for the life of her she could not have helped a flash of her blue eyes upon the final sentence.

"Then, madam," he cried—he was still bewildered, but there was a brooding something in the air that gave a truth to her words—"I will go now—to-day."

"Go?" she echoed in scorn. "Ay, go, if you can," she went on with a change of tone. "He has got you well in his meshes; you are clogged, sir, and bound by his politeness and his hospitality. And if you think he will let you go before he has carried out his purpose with us, you little know the Burgrave."

"Carried out his purpose with us?" The very vagueness of the suggestion added to its unpleasantness. Steven lifted his head indignantly. "And what may that be, pray?"

She glanced at him a second with a slight uplifting of lip and eyebrow. To a lady who had graduated in the Court of King Jerome, this big young man, with his English simplicity, was a trifle irritating.

"Mon Dieu!" she said then, turning aside with a shrug of her shoulder, "how embarrassing you are! Do you know your poets? Well, then; he would like to find us playing at Paolo and Francesca, if you please, that he might play the Malatesta!"

"Great Jupiter!" cried the ingenuous youth. Then he saw the lady hang her head and droop a modest eyelid—it was Scylla and Charybdis! Beyond any doubt,

he must walk out of these insecure precincts at the very earliest opportunity.

They were perched high up in the blue, and down below the country lay spread like a green cloth on which a child has set its toys. Yonder white ribbon wandering so far below; there ran his road. Would he were on it! He turned to her, took her soft hand, bent and kissed it.

"Madam," said he, "it is best it should be 'Good-by'—for both of us; it is best."

He spoke very truly, poor young man, but into the touch of his lips and the paths of his speech her vanity read another meaning.

"Cousin!" she cried suddenly, and clutched at his hands with both of hers. "O, take me with you! Take me back to my own people! If I stay here, he will kill me, or I shall kill myself!"

And as his troubled face and involuntarily repelling fingers were far from giving her the response she craved, she rushed across and bent over the crumbling parapet.

"Refuse your help," she cried desperately, "and I will throw myself down!"

(Had little Sidonia but been at hand, to tell him how well accustomed she was to such threats!)

Steven was quite pale as he caught her back against his breast.

"Good Lord!" He shivered, thinking of those giddy depths. She clung to him, her scented head against his shoulders.

"Surely, surely, it is not much I ask," she murmured faintly. "See how I trust you, kinsman! Only your protection, your escort back to our own people. It is not much to ask!"

It meant his whole life, and he knew it. But what can a young man do with a woman's arms about him and a woman's whisper pleading in his ears?

"Ha-ha-ha!" came the Burgrave's laugh from below. Countess Betty slid out of "Beau Cousin's" arms. She lifted a warning finger: "I will arrange," she whispered, nodding. "Now must we be seen no more alone together."

Sidonia's voice rang up toward them. "I will write," whispered Betty again, finger on lip. O Heavens! how could she look arch and smile at such a moment?

"MY friend, I have been showing our cousin how far your estate extends," said the lady gayly, tripping across to take the Burgrave's arm with more ease than she had as yet displayed since his return.

"I trust our cousin has profited by your instruction, and that he realizes the boundaries of my property," said the Burgrave of Wellenshausen, with his genial smile and his icy eye.

Steven's heavy conscience read a hateful significance in the remark; a sweat broke on his forehead.

As he turned, his glance fell upon the little Baroness Sidonia's pure child-face, and he felt miserable and ashamed to the core.

THE Burgrave's jaunty Jäger stood and saluted in military fashion. The Burgrave wheeled round in his chair and bent his brows. It was dark in the great stone room but for the single shaded lamp on the writing-table which flung a pallid circle of light upon his intent countenance. So might some ancestor of his have looked, four hundred years before, as he planned with his henchman the trick that should rid him of an enemy.

"I have to report, my lord," said the fellow, "that the Count Kilmanegg's traveling-carriage is ordered to be in readiness at the foot of the hill to-night."

"So!" The exclamation was almost triumph.

The man pulled a slip of paper from the breast of his tunic and held it out. "Will your lordship open it carefully?" he remarked imperturbably, as the Burgrave's eye shot flames and he stretched out an eager hand. "The gracious lady has not yet seen it. And I have promised Elisa that it should not be crushed."

The Burgrave held the note to the light. It was in French and very terse: "All is ready. I will wait for you at the entrance of the East Tower at nine o'clock."

The Burgrave stared at the words for an appreciable time. An apoplectic wave of blood rushed to his bald head, and the veins thereon swelled like cords. Then he folded the paper again with minute precaution and handed it back to the man.

"Return it to the wench and bid her deliver it," he said briefly. "Well, what now?"

"I beg pardon, my lord, but this has cost me my watch-chain to-day. And I took upon myself to promise her further two gold pieces."

"Fool!" said the Burgrave harshly. "Could you not have done as much by love-making? Men are scarce in these parts."

The *Jäger* shrugged his shoulders. "She took the kisses as well," he said cynically. "What will his Lordship have? Women are like that!"

The other flung the coins across the table with an oath. Those were better days, of old, when a man could have his bidding done in his own castle without any such bargainings. But as the servant wheeled and left, the fierce smile of triumph came again to the master's lips: "The entrance of the East Tower! You have chosen well, my turtle-doves!" The Burgrave gradually lost himself in reflection.

COUNTRESS BETTY had the megrims and declined to appear at supper. For a sufferer, however, she had a bright eye; and she moved about her room with the alacrity of a busy bird. She was alone, some belated notion of prudence having bade her dismiss her handmaiden during the final preparation. She was gazing wistfully at the dimensions of the small traveling-bag (which was all that, in conscience, she could allow herself, since Cousin Kilmansegg would have to carry it himself down the precipitous roads) and the numberless objects which, at the last moment, seemed to her indispensable, when there came a tap at her window. She started—and only the sense of unacknowledged guilt weighing on her soul kept her from screaming aloud for help—when she perceived, pressed against the uncurtained pane, a man's face.

The next instant, however, she had recognized the wandering Fiddler; she hurried to meet him. This singular being, familiar and welcome in nearly every house of the countryside, was known to her chiefly as the friendly guide of her high-born visitor and "kinsman," the young Count.

"A message?" she cried eagerly.

The man swung himself in and sat on the deep window-seat. His face was wet with rain. He gazed upon her for a second quizzically; and when he spoke, it was not in reply.

"Here I come," said he, "up the ivy, at the risk of my neck, I, upon whom your worthy lord and master would set his dogs without a moment's compunction if he caught me. What a plight should I be in had I counted upon your tender heart sparing a tremor for my perils! 'Tis enough to make a man desire to walk in by the door for the rest of his life!"

"But in Heaven's name," she exclaimed, having but a matter-of-fact spirit, in spite of its dainty envelope, "you did climb up all the way to tell me something. Was it not a message?" He bowed.

"From him?" He laid his hand on his heart: "From myself," he answered.

She glanced at him and then at her bolted door with some alarm. He read her thought.

"God forbid!" quoth he, smiling with an air that put him, in his poor raiment, at an extraordinary distance above her. "I should not so presume, madam. Are you aware," he pursued, "that your husband's confidential *Jäger* was in intimate conversation with Count Kilmansegg's postilion in the village to-day?"

"Mercy!" she cried, reading the portent.

"After which, my dear madam, he clomb the hill in a company that lightened the way for him; having, in fact, his arm round the trim waist of your own handmaiden."

Countess Betty sank on a couch, white to her lips.

"Your trusted handmaiden," repeated the Fiddler emphatically.

"Alas! if I had hesitated," said the lady, piously turning up her eyes to the vaulted ceiling, "this would decide it; I dare not risk another night in this castle."

"Taking risk for risk," said the musician carelessly, "if I were timid, I should prefer the waiting hazard."

"You mean?" she panted, round-eyed in alarm.

"I mean," said he, "that it is raining exceedingly hard, and that between this and the foot of the crag you will get wet, madam; so wet as to damp forever the most ardent flame."

The Burgravine rose with dignity. "I will have you know, sir, that I am merely accepting Count Kilmansegg's protection back to my own family, because I know I can trust to his honor."

"Quite so," said Fiddle-Hans soothingly. "And it is, of course, infinitely preferable to set forth by night in secret, with a handsome young man, than to summon any more aged or nearer relative to your help! A father, maybe—or a brother? But it is raining, as I say, madam, very hard. And I am afraid when you arrive in Austria, your noble family may consider your journey ill-managed."

Her bosom heaved. "It is very unjust," she moaned, "that you men can do everything, whereas we poor women—" she paused on the brink of tears.

"Ah," he retorted, "you women are the crystal cups that hold the honor of the House! That is why we must set you in a shrine, madam. To-night it is still sanctuary in your presence, and I can still kneel before you. To-morrow—?"

The color rushed into her face. She tried to speak with haughtiness, but her voice faltered.

"To-morrow—what then?"

"It is inconceivable how much wiser it is to remain under a husband's roof on such a night!"

There came a knock at the door. With squirrel nimbleness the Fiddler twisted round and vanished.

The Burgravine took a rapid survey of the room, whisked the bag into a cupboard, the jewel-cases on the top of it, and went to the window to close it.

"One moment, one moment," she called, as the knocking was discreetly repeated, and paused with her hand on the casement. Certainly it was most uncomfortable weather! Then she opened the door. Sidonia entered.

"Little aunt, is your head better?"

"Yes, child, yes. You have supped? Is it so late?" Before the girl could answer, the bell of the castle clock began to boom nine strokes. "Nine o'clock!"



Sidonia gathered the folds of the cloak about her and fled upon her errand

DRAWN BY FRED. PERMAN

shrieked the Burgravine. "What's to be done?" She struck her forehead with a distraught air. "I dare not trust that false Elisa," she murmured in her mind.

Then her eye met Sidonia's candid gaze and she caught her hand. "Listen, child; you shall do something for me. M. de Kilmansegg is going away to-night."

The girl's pupils widened, her face grew paler, but she did not speak.

"'Twas I bade him leave. Your uncle's causeless jealousy—"

The girl nodded. The Burgrave, in truth, had been no pleasant companion that night, but had drunk heavily, and alternated between glowering spells of silence and loud and almost offensive pleasantries aimed at his guest, both of which had, not unnaturally, considerably embarrassed Count Kilmansegg.

"'Twas my duty!" (O, how virtuous felt the Burgravine of Wellenshausen!) "I had promised him (poor youth, he is my cousin!) that I would bid him 'Good-by.' But now—(positively) Countess Betty thought her niece must see the halo growing round her head—'now it has struck me that if your uncle heard of it, he might misconstrue—My dear, you must go and tell Count Steven from me—"

"I?" cried Sidonia, and started.

"You must," insisted the lady harshly. "He is waiting in the East Tower. Tell him this: My aunt has sent me to say 'Good-by' for her; it is better so. It is better so. Do not forget to say that. What are you waiting for, girl? Go! Perhaps you are afraid of the rain!" cried the Burgravine scornfully, and seized the traveling-cloak that was lying ready on the bed. "Here, put this on; wrap the hood over your head. Now run, there is not a moment to be lost."

There was perhaps more urgency, more fear, in her voice and manner than she had been aware of; for Sidonia, after a quick look at her, gathered the folds of the cloak about her and fled upon her errand. The Burgravine drew a long sigh of relief, then rang her hand-bell sharply.

"Elisa," said she to the alertly responsive damsel, and, on the spot, froze her with a glance for the impertinent air of confederacy with which she had entered, "light up a fire and serve supper to me. My head is better. Trim the candles and give me 'La Nouvelle Héloïse.' How you stare, wench! Have you fallen in love that you do your work so ill to-day?"

STEVEN'S reflections, as he waited in the best sheltered corner of the deserted tower, listening to the beat and gurgle of the rain, were of an unsatisfactory description. The folly of weakness is the worst of follies; the realization of it the most galling. He was about—no use in trying to blink the fact—he was about to ruin his own life; to take upon himself an intolerable burden; to commit, technically at least, a crime against hospitality; to put a stain upon his ancient name; and all without receiving in return the slightest gratifica-

tion or being able to proffer, even to himself, the exonerating of any approach to passion. The mere thought of the long, intimate drive was a bore. The prospect of a possible lifelong companionship with the Burgravine was intolerable. Fiddle-Hans, mysterious wretch that he was, had much to answer for. And yet, had Steven followed his advice, things would not be at this pass.

SHE came in upon him with a rapid step and a rustle of wet garments. She stopped at the mouth of the passage and said in a loud whisper: "Are you there, M. de Kilmansegg?" As he came forward, she clutched him with her little cold hand. "Hush," she went on, "I think I heard steps behind me!"

Both listened, not daring to breathe. Oh, what a situation for a youth whose pride it had been to hold his head high in the world!

Nothing was heard, however, save the wide, dismal murmur of the rain over the land and the nearer drip and patter.

"No, there is nothing," he said, and reluctantly passed a limp arm round her shoulders. To his surprise, they were jerked from his touch with resentment. The next moment, however, by a mutual movement, they caught at each other; for there came a mysterious grinding about their ears, and almost immediately the solid ground seemed to give way under their feet.

"Gracious Powers! is the tower falling?" cried he. Even as he clasped the figure beside him, with the instinctive, protecting action of the man for the woman, he was aware that the slender thing in his arms could not be the Burgravine. But, at the same instant, he felt that they were sliding, and before he could do aught but throw himself backward to avoid crushing her, they were shot with celerity down a steep incline. After a few seconds, with a shock, his feet reached level ground, and for a space he lay dazed and breathless, with her weight across his breast. Stars danced before his eyes. Vaguely, as from a great distance, he heard overhead the echo of a laugh, a thud, and once more the grinding sound, as of heavy, rusty bars. It was the laugh that brought him to his senses; too often, lately, had it rung unpleasantly in his ears.

She raised herself in his arms.

"Are you hurt?" he cried as he lay.

"No," she answered quickly; "don't get up!" He heard, by the sudden change in her voice, how she flung the muffling hood from her head. "Don't get up! don't stir! I must find out where we are."

He recognized the young, clear tones. It was Sidonia. But he was past surprise. One thing flashed clear out of his confusion: it might be that had brought this about, he was glad. To the heart of him, he was glad it was not Countess Betty!

He felt the girl struggle to her feet, heard her grope with her hands above his head. There came a moment of great stillness; he knew she was listening. Unconsciously he hearkened too, and then there grew upon them, out of the roaring darkness, the cry of waters, rising up with a sort of cavernous echo as from a great depth. And, with a flash, his mind leaped back to that fearsome race of brown river that swirled so strangely from the foot of the Burg-crag, just above the village bridge.

He felt his hair bristle. But when she spoke again, the sound of her voice, with its extraordinary accent of decision, roused him like a stimulant.

"We are safe if we but keep where we are," she said. "You may sit up if you like, but do not attempt to stand." And then she added: "You do not know the place—I do."

She sat down beside him; and in the dark he felt her close presence once more with gladness.

"What is this place, then?" he asked, unconsciously whispering.

"It is the old oubliette," she answered with a simplicity which almost made him laugh.

Vague memories of cruel mediæval romance awoke in his brain. Oubliette! The word itself was suggestive, and not agreeably so. "An oubliette is—?"

"The secret trap by which the castellan of old quietly got rid of enemies or of inconvenient prisoners. You see," she proceeded, with her astounding composure, "through this tower, in former days, was the sallyport—there used to be no other way; and were any one, whose existence interfered with the views of the Lord of Wellenshausen, passing out or in, it was easy to set the machinery in motion, with the result—" she broke off.

"Of landing him in our enviable situation," he finished pettishly.

"Not at all," retorted she. "It is the mercy of Heaven for us that time and storm have been at work in these forgotten regions and provided us with so opportune a ledge—"

"What would have happened else?" he asked in a tone that strove to emulate her coolness.

"Sit quietly and listen."

He felt her reach for a stone, felt the tension of her vigorous young body as she flung it. He heard the missile strike the rock sharply, rebound, and then rebound again. Then, after a silence, rose a faint sound, the ghost of a splash, the gulp of greedy, still, far-off waters, infinitely sinister. He shuddered.

"No one knows how deep it is," said she, "nor what lies hidden there. I can tell you, when I first discovered this pit, it terrified me. Old Martin had told me its legends, but I had laughed at him. One day, some months ago, I scrambled in from the outside and explored the place. But I had no notion the old trap-stone in the sallyport still worked. Now I remember."

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she cried with sudden sharpness, "seeing Uncle Ludo wandering about the place to-day—" She stopped suddenly, struck by a new thought.

"But, in Heaven's name, what have I done to him?" exclaimed the young man. And then his uneasy conscience whipped him silent.

"It is a horrible trick," resumed the girl passionately—"you, his guest—" An indignant sob caught her in the throat. "You, his guest!" she repeated. "O, whatever he thought of you, he should have remembered that! I can never forgive him."

And the guest who had meditated, however unwillingly, betrayal of his host, blushed painfully under the cloak of blackness. He heard her swallow her tears and knew that she clinched her hands. After a while she went on more quietly—

"How wise it was of Aunt Betty to tell you to go away! And, O, how glad I am that she sent me instead of coming herself to bid you 'Good-by.' Steven opened his mouth and then closed it again dumbly.

"You would both have been killed," she went on, sinking her voice. "Uncle Ludovic must be mad—mad with his foolish jealousy. Ah, dear Lord! if I had not been with you—"

She gave a shudder. He, on his side, had no words—silent in shame before the exquisite innocence; silent in admiration before the self-forgetting courage of this slip of a creature, who thought nothing of her own danger. "Here, indeed, is good blood—here is the spirit of race!" he thought, touched in his most sensitive chord.

Presently, however, the humor of the situation struck him and he laughed. There was Thistle-down Betty, incapable even of acting up to her own unfaithfulness, snug in her bower doubtless; and there was the outraged husband, gloating over his mediæval vengeance. Steven wished he could be present at their next conjugal meeting. Sidonia, childlike, echoed his laugh softly beside him in the dark. It struck him serious on the instant. The morrow seemed a long way off!

"And now," said he, "what are we to do?" "Hey, good sir!" said she, "nothing but wait. We shall not die this time. M. de Kilmansegg, for my poor uncle"—she laughed in scorn and triumph—"he did not discover, I warrant, that there is a way out of this old death-trap as well as a way in—a way other than by the hidden lake and the bark of Monsieur Charon. But, till the daylight comes, sir—"

"Daylight?" he said, and knew not whether he were glad or sorry at the whole night's prospect.

"Till daylight comes we must take patience here. For one false step would send our bodies to join the bones of the forgotten enemies of Wellenshausen."

"So, then—?" "Then, I should say, the best thing we can do is to go to sleep."

Again he was mute, pierced to the innermost fibre of his manliness. It was as if her child-heart had been suddenly revealed to him—its trustfulness, its simplicity, its courage.

"If you move a little to the right, carefully," she said after a pause, "you will find it softer, I think. The earth has grown up there, and there are, I remember, ferns. You will really not be too uncomfortable."

She was positively doing the honors of the family oubliette! There came a tender smile to his lips, and almost a mist of tenderness to his eyes.

"But you," said he, "good fairy, guardian angel, do you never think of yourself? Will you lean against me?" he went on almost timidly.

He gathered her to him. What a slight, warm thing she was! She trembled as he passed his arms round her, and he instantly desisted. "Would you rather not?"

"I don't know," she whispered. He thought there was a quaver as of tears catching her breath.

All the chivalry in him leaped to her service. He drew back. With some difficulty he unwound his heavy cloak from about himself. He was stiff and bruised, and the uncertainty of his balance in the blackness gave him an eerie sensation of precipices yawning for him on all sides. "What are you doing?" she cried severely.

"Let me put this over you," he pleaded. "And then you can roll up your own mantle and make a pillow of it—against me, thus."

"But you—but you—" She struggled against his covering hands so impetuously that he caught her with a grip of alarm. And then the sound of the rock crumbling away and leaping into the gulf gave its significant warning.

"You must keep quiet," said he, for the first time asserting the leadership. "And you must let me hold you and cover you. It is my duty to serve you, Made-moiselle Sidonia, my right to protect you. Sleep if you can. You will be safe, for I shall watch."

She remained motionless a moment and then submitted without a word. He placed his arm about her; her head drooped to his shoulder. There fell silence. In time he felt her rigidity relax, heard her quick breath grow calm and regular.

SOMETHING raised a blood-curdling lament that went sobbing and echoing through the cavern. If he had not held her, he would have started in frank alarm. She only gave a drowsy laugh.

"Tis Barbarossa, the old owl," said she.

And again fell the silence, filled for him with whirling thoughts.

How right had this Fiddle-Hans been in his warning!

How merciful had Fate been to save him from his own folly!

Were he now rolling along the wet Imperial road with the Burgrave's wife, he would have had, doubtless, to clasp her much as he clasped Sidonia. Precarious as it was, his present situation was infinitely preferable. He felt like a father, holding his pretty child, all warm with tenderness; not a dishonest, cold lover with the woman he can not love.

Sidonia's light breathing grew fainter and more rhythmic. She was asleep. He had longed, but hardly dared to hope, that she could sleep. In his heart he went down on his knees to her and thanked her, stirred by the eternal parent instinct, perhaps, but also by another emotion, tenderer still and more vital—a reverent bending of his whole manhood before the purity and trustfulness that lay in his embrace.

THE night progressed with lengthening hours. He had begun to make out some kind of bearings for himself in the dark; to find, by the cold airs that occasionally blew in upon him from one direction, by the guidance of the sounds that grew in the night's stillness—the gusty increases, the placid subsidence of the rain, the rustle of leaves and twigs—in which quarter of their prison lay that opening to the outer world by which they should escape.

Sometimes his mind wandered far away. Now and again he almost lost himself in a vague dream; but ever he came back with a shock to the present peril and his responsibility.

And the child still slept!

He began to grow weary and cold. His arm became stiff, then numb. The burden that had seemed so light upon it grew almost intolerable. Sometimes, as drowsiness pressed upon him, he thought himself in a nightmare, from which he must wake to find himself huddled in a corner of his traveling-chaise. But he would have died sooner than disturb the placid being in his embrace.

Then, at the moment when the tension of enforced immobility brought such a feeling of exasperation and oppression upon him that he almost felt as if his wits were leaving him, he turned his head instinctively in



He came clambering down to them with the agility of a goat

the direction of the air current, and relief came. The rain was over. The clouds had cleared away, and a patch of sky looked in upon him, framed by jagged rocks; it held two or three faint stars; he could see a branch outlined dimly against the translucence, and leaves trembling in outer freedom.

Nothing more than this, and yet it was balm. The torture that gripped him subsided. He gazed and forgot the cramping of his limbs. The first stars passed slowly and vanished; others swam into his vision and formed new shapes in the peep of sky. Some were brighter, some more dim, some twinkled; one burned with a steady glow. They varied in color, too. He had had no idea that, even through such a miserable hole, the heavens had a pageant to offer of such absorbing interest. And the passing of this pageant gave him a comforting sense of the flow of night toward morn.

Once Sidonia woke with a start and a cry. "I am here," he quickly said soothingly.

She reared herself from his arm. It was numbed to uselessness; he caught her with the other fiercely. That pit, gaping so close by in the night, had come,

during the long hours, to seem to him an unknown monster watching, waiting for its prey.

She, but half awake, gropingly passed her little hands over his face and breast. "I dreamed you had fallen," she murmured. And then, so secure in his hold, stretched herself like a weary child and slid a little further from him so that her head rested on his knee. His eyes had grown more accustomed to the darkness; or perhaps there was already a raising of the deepest veils of night, for he could almost distinguish her form as she lay. He bent over her; she was speaking dreamily: "When you were hurt, in the forest, this was how your head rested on my lap—" In another moment she was asleep again.

His arms were free—the sense of constraint was gone. And now the time went by almost as quickly as before it had lagged. He saw with surprise that the stars were extinguished; that his patch of sky had grown pearl gray. Sundry stirrings in the leafage without spoke of an awakening world. A bird piped. The walls of their prison began to take shape. . . . He saw the white glimmer of her hand in the folds of the cloak. . . . And then he knew he must, after all, have slept at his post, for the next thing he knew was coming to himself, with a great spasm, and seeing in a shaft of yellow sunlight, gray rock, brown earth, and Sidonia's golden head upon his knee. And, but a yard from her little, sandaled foot, the horrible black chasm!—O, shame, he had slept, and Death lurking for her! The sweat started on his forehead.

A SIGH of music was blown into the cavern. She turned her head and gazed up in his face with wide, bewildered eyes.

"It is Fiddle-Hans," she murmured and rubbed her eyes, as though she thought she were still dreaming. Then she sat up, looked round—and memory leaped back.

She smiled, yawned, and drew herself together. "Well," she said, with a sidelong glance at the pit-mouth, "we have had luck, you and I! . . . Don't you want to get out of this, M. de Kilmansegg?" she asked briskly, as he sat, wondering at her. "Or do you think it would be a nice place to turn hermit in? See, this is the way," said she, and pointed to the narrow ledge skirting the deep, "we shall have to crawl on hands and knees. And, sir, I think our cloaks must be sacrificed."

As she spoke, she gathered them together and pushed them from her; they rolled down, and Steven almost called aloud as he heard their heavy plunge into the ambushed waters. It sounded as if some living thing had gone to its death. "I will lead," said she.

SUNSHINE, sky, grass, wide airs! Steven had never known what these things could mean to man till that moment. He sat on a sun-warmed rock by the side of the precipitous, all but obliterated, pathway that led zigzag upward to the broken rampart. Sidonia stood shaking and pruning herself like a bird, her hair glinting in the light. By tacit consent both paused upon this moment of physical relief before considering their next course. From above, the plaintive strain they had heard within their prison was again borne down toward them on the breeze.

Sidonia's fingers, busy in her tresses, stopped—she bent her ear. "'Tis Fiddle-Hans, and that is my tune. He is seeking me."

She curved her hands round her mouth and gave a long mountain cry. It rang clear and sweet, cleaving the pure morning air like the call of a bird.

Instantly the restless melody stopped; and, as they stood looking up in expectation, they saw the figure of Fiddle-Hans emerge on the rocks over their heads. Holding his fiddle high in the air, he came clambering down to them with the agility of a goat.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, as, breathless, he drew near. "Cruel children, what a fright you have given me!" His cheek was gray under its bronze. Yet, in spite of its severity, his haggard eye was quick to note that these two were torn and disheveled—that their smiles had the pallor which has smiled on death.

"What has happened?" cried the vagrant again in changed accents. And Sidonia broke into passionate complaint. A great lassitude was upon Steven; he did not wish to stir or speak.

"And it was Uncle Ludo did it!" she ended, with a fresh gust of anger. "We heard him laugh as we fell—and Count Kilmansegg his guest!" Her pride could not stomach the thought; it was less to her, evidently, that her relative should have endeavored to compass the death of wife as well as guest, for her anger dropped into mere shuddering pity as she added: "Poor Aunt Betty! Just think, if she had not sent me!"

Diverse expressions passed over Fiddle-Hans' countenance as the story unrolled itself before his quick mental vision. Thunder of anger, clouds of fear and doubt. He shot one searching inquiry at Steven; his brow cleared before the frank answering look.

As the girl finished, the two men once more exchanged glances, the eyes of both had grown soft. For herself the little fearless creature still had no thought, far less words.

"Well, friends," said the Fiddler at last, sitting down on the slope and wiping his forehead with his sleeve, "you may flatter yourselves that you've given me no better night than your own. First, Sir Count, having a word to say to you, I made so bold as to take a seat in your carriage, as it waited down yonder—and a moist time I had of it, in company with your lordship's horses and postilion. By the way, this same postilion hath a varied choice of oaths. Toward the small hours, our relations became strained, and we parted—he back to the 'Silver Stork,' and I—I will not conceal it—to wandering once more in the purlieus of this hospitable strong-house. For although nothing was more natural than that the guest should have altered his intention of departure at the last moment, my mind misgave me."



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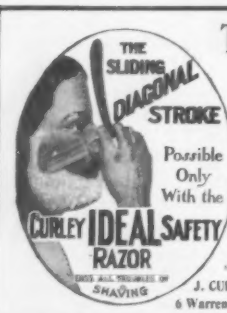
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"Poor Fiddle-Hans!" said Sidonia. "How
wet you must have been!"
"Nay, the night had turned fine then—it
was the least of my hardships. But at
dawn this restless spirit of mine set me to
rousing the Castle—and a fine time of it
I have given them! The Burgrave, how-
ever, was found dead drunk in his hall,
so that I could get little out of him. The
lady is convinced that you, comrade, have
eloped with her niece by some devious
road—"

"Devious enough," said Steven, with a
short laugh. But Sidonia had become
grave.

"I am glad he was drunk," she said with
judicial air.

"I left the Burgrave planning hys-
terics. But I have given orders, in the
household, as if I were lord of it all—
there are some half-dozen fellows searching
the rocks already. And here, by the way,
comes one bright youth. Observe how he
looks under the whins and the bushes.
He will not leave a mouse-hole unprodded
for your corpses."

"Shall we not bid him get breakfast for
us all?" cried Sidonia gayly. "Tis the least
Wellens'aussen can do for you this morn-
ing, Count Steven."

She sprang upward lightly, her small,
tired face laughing back at them over her
shoulder.

The Fiddler and Steven stood side by side
watching her.

"Well," said the former, after a pause,
"are you inclined to go and break bread
again in the house whose stones plotted
your blood? Or will you take the safe
way down the mountain to the cushions of
your berlin and cry: 'Drive on, posi-
tion!'"

Steven regarded the speaker a moment or
two before replying. It seemed to the
young man as if that long, black night had
cut him off from his own purblind youth.
He felt himself years older, weighted with
life.

"I am going back to the castle," he said,
and set off climbing.

"Hey, comrade, hey, what haste?" panted
the other at his ear. "What is your pur-
pose up there? You've been there once too
often." There was a certain anxiety under
the speaker's mocking air.

"My purpose," began Steven coldly—he
was about to add, "concerns you not."
But on second thought he wheeled round,
and all that had been gathering in his heart
this night escaped in words of fire. "Why
do you ask?" he cried. "You know! What!
What! are you the man to whom the souls
of others lie bare? Are you a man like
myself, and do you think I can leave that
child now? With her little hand she held
me from death; she lay in my arms and
slept and trusted me. Do you think I could
endure myself if I thought I had left her
unprotected here? If I give my whole life
to the mere guardianship of her, shall I do
more than my duty? Man!" cried Steven,
catching the Fiddler's sunburnt wrist and
shaking him. "I tell you, the child lay in
my arms all night."

"She is indeed a child," said the musician
quietly.

"And it is even for that!" exclaimed
Steven. "Oh, I thought you would have
understood."

"Let us go up to the heights, then," said
the Fiddler.

"NO music?" cried Sidonia gayly, as she
watched them coming, from the door-
step. "I expected to hear your fiddle chant-
ing the song of delivery!"

"I have enough music in my soul this
morning," replied the wanderer.

THE Burgrave was a sorry spectacle. A
man may play the medieval avenger
overnight, but in the morning he belongs to
his own age, and the sense of proportion re-
asserts itself. The Burgrave's awakening
to sobriety, his realization of his own deed,
were depressing to the direst degree.
Paradoxically, no less terrible was the dis-
covery that his suspicions had been un-
founded; that his wife was both virtuous
and still of the living; that it was an inno-
cent niece and an innocent guest whom he
had precipitated to an awful doom. He
had almost betrayed himself in his first
anguished cry on meeting the Burgrave.

"It was Sidonia, then—it was not you,
the youth came for?"

"For me?" cried the lady in furious
reputation. "How dared you think so?
Why—that minx and he have understood
each other from the first, as any but an owl
could see. But if the girl's disgraced us,
'tis your own fault, the fault of your evil
mind! You drove them to elope, old jealous
fool!"

The Burgrave clinched his hands and
shook them above his head, fell into a chair
and wept. Elope? If she but knew!
Alack, poor Sidonia!

"I trust you will come to soberness
presently," said Betty, with a disgusted
look at the row of empty bottles. And at
that moment it was that shouts from the
courtyard proclaimed the return of the lost
ones.

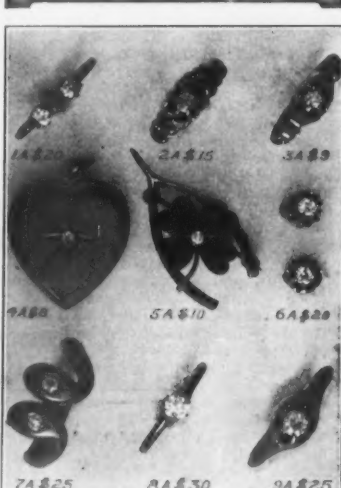
When the Burgrave heard that his niece
was safe, his ecstasy of relief was only
measured by the previous misery. He could
have leaped and sung. He caught his wife
to his breast with fresh tears; but, here
repulsed with scorn, tottered forth to the
great hall, still reeling in his joy.

The girl met him, severe as a young
Daniel, with pointed finger, flashing eye.

"You weep now, uncle; you laughed last
night! Was that your farewell?"

The Burgrave stepped back, dismayed

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afresh; she knew, then, that no mere accident had betrayed them. The wretched Lord of the Castle flung an appealing look around; met the eyes of Steven, scornful—he knew; met the Fiddler's eyes, horribly mocking—he knew; met his Betty's gaze, deeply suspicious. In a moment she, too, would know!

Out rang Sidonia's pitiless clarion tongue. And then the Burgravine also knew.

Promptly he was delivered into her hands. She threatened him with King and Emperor, with family and justice, prison, madhouse, duel. The Emperor had put divorce in fashion, she reminded her lord. She would divorce him resoundingly. The last prospect was—since, after all, he loved her in his own fashion—the shaft that hit him hardest.

Nathless, in the affairs of her heart she was a woman of business, and she had a prophetic vision of a return to gay Cassel with a tamed Bluebeard.

"MADEMOISELLE SIDONIA, I am going. Am I to go away alone?" asked Steven. "I have told your uncle how poor a guardian I consider him to you, and he has consented that you should have another. Will you trust me to take care of you?"

She looked up at him, questioning. "I should call you my wife," said he, in a low voice, all astonished himself that his heart should beat so fast.

She drooped her head. He could see the scarlet dye her cheek. "Sidonia!" he said. Then she looked up at him once more.

"I will go with you," she replied. Her child eyes were upon him, and seemed to ask for something still; and at this he bent and kissed her mouth—as he would have kissed a child—and did not guess that, at the touch of his lips, Sidonia's woman-soul was born.

WHY NOT, INDEED?

By Maurice Smiley

IF MORE than one house are called houses
And more than one mouse are mice,
Then why are two mice not mouses
And why are two houses not hices?

If a letter is sent and it goes,
And we know it went when it's gone,
Why hasn't it went when it shows
Or the money we spent been sponed?

If the vine that clings never clanged,
But the joke that we spring is sprung,
Why isn't the bell that we ring rangd
Or the door that is banged shut bung?

A word that we speak is spoken.
Why don't we say it is spake?
Our girl, when a pitcher is broken,
"Ach, Louis!" she says, "it is break!"

If we lie when we say that we laid
And we lay when we said that we lied,
Why don't we speak of the needles we played
Or tell of the pieces we plied?

A fish that we catch isn't caught,
And the roof that we thatch isn't thought.
Why don't we speak of a thought that was
thatched
Or hear of an egg that was haught?

If a picture that's hung isn't hanged,
But the man who is hanged isn't hung,
Why isn't the song that we sing sangd
Or any old thing ever thung?

HOLIDAY READING

By FREDERIC TABER COOPER

JACK LONDON'S new story, "The Sea-Wolf" (Macmillan), is to be commended to readers with strong nerves. He has taken a landsman, a frail, fastidious man of letters, shipwrecked him just outside the Golden Gate, in a pandemonium of fear, where the screaming of women rings in your ears while you read, and flung him on board a stray sealing schooner, which is a floating purgatory. The schooner's captain, Wolf Larsen, is a human brute, devoid of sympathy and moral sense, a powerful but disordered brain in the frame of a primordial giant. He finds an intellectual stimulus in Spencer and Huxley, Shakespeare and the Rubaiyat, but will turn from them to perpetrate nameless outrages on his crew, through sheer lust of cruelty. The book is a chronicle of the methodical brutality which Larsen metes out to his new victim, the shipwrecked landsman; the latter's gradual awakening from soft-handed, shrinking timidity to a virile hardness, under the spur of systematic abuse; the manner in which he meets the new and unexpected appeal to his manhood when fate casts a delicately nurtured woman into Wolf Larsen's power, and finally the grim climax, when the diseased brain-cells of the human

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monster give way, "cutting the wires" one by one that connect him with the outside world. "The Sea-Wolf" is a tense and dramatic example of pathological fiction.

A Tale of the Shetland Isles

THE powerful call of the sea, to a man with ancient viking blood in his veins, whose father and grandfather, back through countless generations, have been sailors and fisher-folk, is the theme of "The Reaper," by Edith Rickert (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). But Tervall Saemundson can not obey the call, because on the very night of the storm which caused his father's death, when Tervall is little more than a lad, he learns of his mother's besetting sin. In the sea-girt isolation of the Shetland Islands, where this story is laid, intemperance is viewed with uncompromising sternness, and Tervall's self-appointed task is to keep the knowledge of his mother's weakness from the other islanders. It is a story painted in monochrome, and yet in no sense a morbid story, for it pictures a man who thinks that to "own his soul in peace" is a higher happiness than to gain what he wants in the world.

Ideals and Expediency

IN "The Common Lot," Robert Herrick has written a strong story of the everyday struggle between high ideals on the one hand, and dishonest expediency on the other. Everett Hart is a young architect, just struggling into notice in Chicago. The rich old uncle, who paid Everett's way through the Beaux Arts in Paris, felt he had done enough, and dying left the bulk of his fortune to charity. And the young man, disappointed in his hope of the inheritance, and handicapped at the start with expensive tastes, social ambitions, and a young wife, soon falls a prey to unscrupulous builders and contractors. He has only to connive at flagrant violation of the building laws, criminal disregard of specifications, bribery of city inspectors, to reap a golden harvest. But finally a more reckless venture than usual, the erection of a lath-and-plaster apartment house, widely proclaimed as fireproof, a disastrous fire and sickening loss of life, bring young Everett under the ban of the coroner's jury, and teach him a salutary and much-needed lesson.

A Western Courtship

If your taste in fiction runs mainly to the novel of adventure, then you might as well lay aside unopened "The Happy Average," by Brand Whitlock (Bobbs-Merrill Company). You probably would not care for the fine art which portrays the romance of the commonplace. The scene is a sleepy little village in the Middle West. The theme is the courtship and protracted engagement of two young people, full of the joy of living and the glamour of first love. No quarrels or misunderstandings mar the even tenor of the courtship; there are no intercepted letters or jealous rivals or cruel parents; no obstacle except sound common-sense that requires that marriage shall be deferred until the young man is in a position to support a wife. But his sleepy little town persistently refuses him a business opening, and weeks, months, and years drift by, and still the wedding day has to be deferred. This is slight material upon which to build a story, but it is handled with a rare fidelity and sympathetic understanding, and it is safe to say that there are few among the happy average of contented married folk who will not find something in Brand Whitlock's pages that reads like a reminiscence of their own days of courtship.

An Unpleasant Story

ANTHONY HOPE'S "Double Harness" is a study of married life drawn with that touch of exaggeration which belongs to caricature. There are half a dozen more or less ill-mated couples in the book. There is the husband driven from his home by a shrewish wife, whose ungovernable temper ends in murderous assault and suicide; there is the plodding, easy-going business man, blind to what is an open secret to the rest of London—his wife's infidelity—and innocently borrowing money from the very man who is responsible for it. There is the emotional, visionary wife, who is disappointed to find that life is not one perpetual golden glow, and becomes estranged from her husband because he insists in valuing her welfare above that of her child. Indeed, there is only one contented couple in the book, a middle-aged housekeeper and the husband who for twenty years has been separated from her, behind the bars of a prison. Then is some clever psychology in "Double Harness," but it has neither the sparkle of the "Dolly Dialogues" nor the clear-eyed outlook on life of Mr. Hope's recent volumes.

The Art of Homicide

FROM first to last, the novels of Marion Crawford offer an array of murders, suicides, and violent deaths hardly to be expected from so mild-mannered an author. But his latest volume, "Whoever Shall Offend" (Macmillan), contains a new method of removing a human obstacle from one's path, so hideously ingenious that it quite throws all his other methods into the shade. In burdening himself with a middle-aged wife and a nabby-pamby stepson, Folco Corbario had but one purpose—to get possession of their ample fortune. No sooner is the will drawn in his favor properly executed than a subtle poison successfully removes the wife. Marcello, the stepson, offers a more difficult problem. The first crude experiment of hitting him over the head with a sandbag

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merely injures his brain and awakens his baser nature, changing him from a stern young ascetic to a reckless libertine. This change suggests to Corbario a safer, subtler method of murder—to lure young Marcello down a primrose path of wine, woman, and song to a consumptive's grave. It is a bold theme, developed with a frankness quite foreign to Mr. Crawford's usual expurgated style.

Hall Caine's Latest

UNLIKE the younger son of the familiar U parable, the central figure in Hall Caine's "Prodigal Son" (Appleton) is not content with his own half of the inheritance, but must rob his elder brother of his bride, his business prospects, the love of his kindred and the respect of his friends, and turn him forth, dishonored and disinherited. The setting of Mr. Caine's story is Iceland, and he has taken advantage of many a primitive custom to help along the machinery of the plot. Yet the characters remain unconvincing. Magnus Stephenson, the elder brother, is a personification of self-sacrifice; Oscar, the prodigal, is the incarnation of selfishness; Thera, the bride he first stole and then killed by neglect, is a new patient Griselda. One and all, they are not human beings, but mere abstract qualities, masquerading in flesh and blood.

When the British Tried to Grab Hawaii

IN the early "forties" of the last century, when Kamehameha III was upon the throne of Hawaii, the British Consul, Richard Charleson, and Lord George Paulet, Captain of the British frigate *Carysfort*, conspired to take advantage of existing internal tribulations of the little kingdom to turn it over to the British Government. Thereupon Lord George made certain demands upon the old King, which he knew could never be complied with. But he was backed by his powerful frigate, and the King had nothing to do but to yield to the demands or abdicate his power temporarily. He chose the latter course, retiring to the neighboring island of Maui. The following dignified proclamation was issued as the King gave up the reins of power:

"Where are you, chiefs, people, and commons from my ancestors, and people from foreign lands? Hear ye! I make known to you that I am in perplexity by reason of difficulties into which I have been brought without cause, therefore I have given away the life of our land. Hear ye! but my rule over you, my people, and your privileges will continue, for I have hope that the life of the land will be restored when my conduct is justified. "Done at Honolulu, Oahu, this 25th day of February, 1843. KAMEHAMEHA III."

The way now seemed clear for British occupancy. The Union Jack was run up, and all Hawaiian flags were destroyed, and it only remained to acquaint the outside world with the enforced revolution and obtain recognition for the new government.

Lord Paulet confiscated all native vessels, so that the news of his seizure of the islands could not get abroad until he was ready, and then secured the King's yacht, the *Hokaiaka*, the fastest boat belonging to the islands, to carry the news to England, and obtain the recognition which his version of the revolution, uncontradicted, might obtain.

The *Hokaiaka*, or "Swift Runner," as it meant in English, had been chartered by an American firm, but had not yet started on her voyage, and, as Lord Paulet was very anxious to secure her, he offered to send an American agent to England if the owners would give up their charter, and also offered to bring back a cargo free of charge. The Americans were only too eager to accept this offer, for they had been trying to devise a plan for getting one of their own number to London and Washington, and here was the opportunity right to their hands.

It was another case of the Trojan horse where the King's yacht played the wooden horse, and a young American clerk, named Marshall, took the part of the wily invaders. Lord Paulet was in a great hurry. He painted out the name of the King's yacht, and painted in the *Albert*, and she became "her Majesty's tender." In the meantime the Americans were not lazy. The royal tomb at Honolulu was dimly lighted one dark night with some feeble candles, and there on the King's coffin, for a table, a remarkable document was drawn up, giving young Marshall full credentials as Ambassador to the United States and Great Britain. Not knowing the proper legal terms for such a document, Dr. Judd, the chief American adviser, copied, with certain necessary changes, the credentials of John Adams as the first American Minister to Great Britain. Then the self-exiled King was secretly brought from his island of banishment, and, at midnight, on the shores of his own loved island of Oahu, within sight of his old capital, he signed Marshall's credentials, and then departed again for Maui.

The plan was entirely successful. Marshall, the impromptu ambassador, evidently acquitted himself creditably both at Washington and at the Court of St. James's, for his statements prevented Lord George from obtaining the recognition he desired; Admiral Thomas was sent by the British Government to investigate the matter, Kamehameha was reinstated, the Hawaiian flag again took the place of the Union Jack, and both Great Britain and France bound themselves, by a mutual declaration, "never to take possession of these islands, neither directly, nor under the title of protectorate, nor, under any form, of any part of the territory of which they are composed."

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THE WONDERS OF "NEGATIVE GRAVITY"

By GARRETT P. SERVIS

IF YOU stand out in the sunshine, you perceive its heat and are conscious of its brightness, but you do not feel the push that it continually makes against you. Every tiny light-wave breaking against your hand as ripples lap upon a shore is pressing you back, but with a force so gentle that our coarse senses fail to note it. Yet it has been shown that the total pressure of sunlight against the earth amounts, in the aggregate, to 70,000 tons!

This curious property of light has recently occupied a great deal of the attention of scientific thinkers, and most astonishing results have been proved to flow from it. The idea that there is such a pressure is as old as the time of the great mathematical physicist, Clerk Maxwell, but experimental proof of its existence and startling examples of its effects are all very recent.

Men have long dreamed of what they might do if they could only overcome, or nullify, gravitation. But "negative gravity" actually exists. We have discovered it in the pressure of the light-waves. That pressure is able to overcome, and in many cases really does overcome, gravitation. Even the sunbeams that are reflected from the earth exert a push away from the earth. Whether the push is effective in moving a body or not depends upon the size of that body. A man does not feel the pressure of the light-waves on his body, but if he could take a bite off the right side of that magic mushroom which Alice nibbled when she was in Wonderland, and so could cause himself to become indefinitely small, while still retaining his senses, he would feel the push so decidedly that he would find himself shooting out into space like a pith ball driven away from the charged condenser of an electric machine.

This is so singular and really so wonderful a thing, and it plays, as we shall see in a minute, such a spectacular part in the phenomena of the universe, that it is worth anybody's while to try to understand how it acts. It is all very simple, too. Here is the explanation:

The Sun's Action

The sun draws everything toward itself by virtue of its gravitation. At the same time, being a radiant body, it sends out in all directions around it waves in the ether, which produce the effects that we call light and heat, as well as many other effects, the nature of which we are only just beginning to understand. Now, these waves must necessarily exert a pressure against any body that they meet. Their tendency, then, is to counteract the attraction of the sun's gravitation. But the force exerted by gravitation, on all bodies of sensible size, is so much greater than the opposite pressure of the light-waves that gravitation would always prevail as against light-pressure but for one curious critical fact. This is that the nature of gravitation is such that its force is exerted upon every particle contained in the body, while the nature of light-pressure is such that it makes itself felt only on the surface. In other words, light-pressure is proportional to the surface exposed to it, while gravitation is proportional to the entire mass of matter, or the entire volume, of the body affected.

Now, right here is a chance to see the romance that is in geometry. Just consider that the volume of a solid body is measured by taking into account three dimensions—length, breadth, and thickness—while a surface is measured by length and breadth only. But—and this is the critical fact—the smaller we make a body the larger becomes the ratio of its surface to its volume.

For the sake of clearness, take a ball and let its diameter be represented by 10; then its volume will be proportional to 10x10x10=1000, and its surface to 10x10=100. The ratio of the surface to the volume is 1 to 10. (If we were measuring the actual dimensions of the ball in square and cubic inches, we should have to employ certain constants not used above, but for the purposes of the comparison here intended these constants need not be introduced.) Now suppose we reduce the diameter of the ball to 5, then its volume will be proportional to 5x5x5=125, and its surface to 5x5=25. Comparing these, we see that by cutting down the diameter one-half, we have increased the ratio of the surface to the volume until it is as 1 to 5. Before it was 1 to 10. Cut the diameter down once more and let it be 2; then the volume will be 2x2x2=8, and the surface 2x2=4, showing that now the ratio of the surface to the volume has risen until it is as 1 to 2. We need go no further in order to prove that as the size decreases the ratio of the surface to the volume continually increases.

A Clear Example

To apply this, remember that gravitation is proportional to volume and light-pressure to surface. Since, then, the ratio of surface to volume increases as the body becomes smaller, it follows that the ratio of light-pressure to gravitation must likewise increase. We are now ready for an actual example, and we will follow in this an admirably clear statement of the problem recently made by Professor Poynting:

Keeping in mind what has already been said about the effect of diminishing size, imagine that we could divide the earth into eight globes of equal mass and volume. Each of these would have half the diameter of the original earth and one-quarter of its surface. But the eight globes together would expose twice the total surface of the earth, so that the light-pressure would be twice as great as before, although the total pull of



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gravitation by the sun on the eight globes would be no greater than its pull on the earth, because there has been no increase of the original mass—it has simply been divided into eight equal parts. Then divide each of the eight globes again into eight equal parts. Once more you double the amount of surface exposed, and consequently the light-pressure, without increasing the gravitation. It is easy to see that by continuing the process of division you would finally have the earth divided into portions so small, and with a total surface so great, that the light-pressure would equal the gravitation. When that point was reached, the earth, now reduced to a cloud of dust particles, would be balanced in space, between the pull of gravitation and the repulsion of light.

How small would those particles have to be? Calculation shows that their diameter could not exceed about one one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. Make them still smaller, thereby further increasing the ratio of their surface to their volume, and they would be actually driven away by the light-waves! So we see about how small Alice in Wonderland would have to be in order that the sunbeams could carry her off as wind carries a thistle-down.

One of the first practical applications of this principle in astronomy concerns comets' tails. It may be that those strange and wonderful appendages are composed of minute particles of matter driven off from a comet's nucleus by light-pressure. Another application furnishes a probable explanation of that strange illumination, having the sun for its centre, which is called the Zodiacal Light. This may be caused by fine dust driven away from the sun by its waves of radiant energy. It is even possible that light-pressure, or radiation-pressure, may explain some of the extraordinary shapes seen in those most marvelous of all celestial phenomena, the nebulae.

NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The Largest Locomotive

THE largest locomotive ever constructed was on exhibition at St. Louis. It was built by the American Locomotive Company at Schenectady, New York, for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The engine is to be used for hauling heavy freight trains up the grades on this company's lines, thus removing the necessity for using extra engines in the mountainous districts.

This locomotive weighs 149½ tons, and is of a type not previously built in this country. There are two pairs of cylinders, instead of the customary one pair, one high pressure and the other low. Each of the four rods is attached to three driving wheels, making six on a side. In case of a breakdown in one set of cylinders or driving wheels, the other set can be used alone, and the engine is not helpless. With its boiler pressure of 235 pounds to the square inch, and its great weight, the hauling power of this engine is truly wonderful.

Models Found in Egyptian Tombs

SOME recent excavations carried on in Egypt under the supervision of Mr. John Garstang have resulted in most interesting discoveries. The explorations have been carried out at Beni Hasan in middle Egypt. At this place there are limestone cliffs near the River Nile, and in them are numerous tombs of the ancient Egyptian nobility. Near the tombs of the great nobles many courtiers were buried, and it is in their tombs that finds have been made which throw a great deal of light on the every-day life of the ancient Egyptians. The excavators have opened several hundred tombs which are exactly as they were left four thousand years ago. Thinking that servants would be a necessity in the future life, the friends of the deceased placed little images in his tomb. These little wooden figures are made to represent all sorts of activities of every-day life that the master would expect of his servants, from the labors of the slaves that row the galleys, to the waiting of the maid with a plate of cakes. There are also some small images made of string, apparently children's dolls, and probably played with by small Egyptians two thousand years before the Christian era.

Palm Pith Used as Food

A PRIMITIVE food material used by the Sakalaves has recently been examined by a French chemist. The Sakalaves were at one time the dominating people of the large island of Madagascar, but were overpowered and in imminent danger of destruction by the Hovas. Under the French protection they left the main island early in the last century and took up their abode in the small islands near by. These people are using for food the pith of a palm tree called by them the *Satranche* palm and believed to be the *medicinal palm*. The trunks of these palms contain from four to eleven pounds of pith, which is scooped out by the natives, dried, ground up, and sifted. When fresh it is said to taste slightly sweet. The French chemist to whom some of this palm flour was sent for examination says that when received by him it no longer tasted sweet, and chemical tests failed to disclose the presence of sugar. He found over sixty per cent of starch and ten per cent of proteins. The food value of this palm pith is greater than that of potatoes, yams, or manioc.

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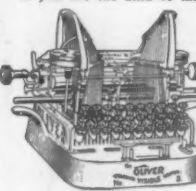
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Mother: "Harold, darling, where is my string of pearls?"

Harold: "You mean the million-dollar ones, mamma? I lent them to the poor little girl next door to skip rope with."

A MODEL

"DIDN'T that hurt you, sir?" The clerical-looking gentleman in the rear seat of the trolley car turned inquiringly to the nicely dressed and clean-cut young man who sat beside him, as that individual winced slightly; for his foot had just been stepped on by a portly man who was leaving the car.

"Yes, sir—it hurt very much," he said simply.

"I thought so," said the clerical man. "Allow me to congratulate you on your control. I observed with pleasure, sir, that no oath sprang to your lips. Great pleasure to meet a young man like you. Have a cigar?"

"Thank you, I don't smoke," said the young man.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the clerical interrogator. "I smoke myself," he said, "because I lead a sedentary life. But I glory in a young man who doesn't. May I inquire, sir, if you know the taste of liquor?"

"No, sir, never touched a drop."

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The young man smiled.

"Certainly," he replied. "The fact is, sir, I find that I can't dissipate and deal a faro bank at the same time."

THE DEAR GIRL'S TASTE

Jack: "And so you have been married a year. How do you like the ties of wedlock?"

Jim: "I like the ties all right, but I have to balk at the cigars sometimes."

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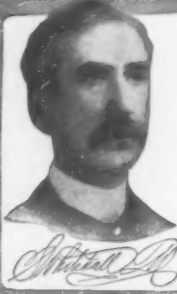
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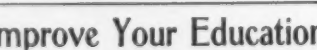
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Full of Inspiration
for Others

Limerick, N. Y. (Special Correspondence)—Miss Clara E. Doner, who is here on a visit to her parents, is receiving the congratulations of her friends on her success in business life. She is now head bookkeeper in a business house in Rochester, N. Y., and the story how she rose to her present position, and how she qualified herself for it, is one that is full of encouragement to others. In the course of a conversation with your correspondent, Miss Doner said:



"I left my home in Limerick because it was necessary that I should earn my own living, and, as you know, there is absolutely no way to do that in this small place. I first succeeded in getting a position as saleswoman in a city store, but the most I could earn was \$6 a week. I decided to study and prepare myself for a better position, and after reading an advertisement of the Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, N. Y., I answered it. I received a copy of their booklet 'How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper,' and an offer to teach me bookkeeping free and their assurance that they would use their endeavor to place me in a position when I was qualified to keep a set of books. Every promise they made me was carried out to the letter. I owe my present position entirely to the school, and I never shall be able to repay the Commercial Correspondence Schools what they have done for me. When I decided to take a course in bookkeeping, I knew absolutely nothing about that subject, yet by the time I had finished my eighteenth lesson, Prof. Robert J. Shoemaker, the Vice-President and General Manager of the Schools, procured for me my present position as head bookkeeper with a large manufacturing concern at exactly double the salary I was formerly earning. The knowledge I received through the course has given me every confidence in myself, and in my ability to keep any set of books. In fact, I cannot say too much in favor of the most thorough, practical and yet simple course of instruction which is contained in the bookkeeping course as taught by correspondence by the Commercial Correspondence Schools. I could not have learned what I did in a business college in six months. Besides, if I had taken a business college course, it would not only have cost me \$6, but I should have had to give up my daily employment in order to attend school. As it was, I was able to study in the evenings and earn my living during the day, and I did not pay one cent for the instruction until I was placed in my present position. I have said all this for the Commercial Correspondence Schools out of pure gratitude for what that institution has done for me, and entirely without solicitation on their part. I am going to tell others what the schools have done for me, and I shall be glad to answer the letters of any one who may be interested in taking the course I did. They will never regret doing so. I have just induced a friend of mine to take the bookkeeping course, and I expect her to succeed just as I have done."

Miss Doner started on the road to success after reading the Commercial Correspondence Schools' free book, "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper." A limited number of these books will be sent absolutely free to ambitious persons who sincerely desire to better their position and add to their income. Send your name and address on a postal card to-day to the Commercial Correspondence Schools, 335A, Commercial Building, Rochester, N. Y., and receive the book by return mail. It tells you how you can learn bookkeeping and pay your tuition after a position has been secured for you. If you are without employment, or if you are engaged in unremunerative or unremunerative employment, you should send for a copy of this book. Miss Doner studied less than two months, yet in that short time qualified herself for a responsible position and doubled her income. Any ambitious young man or woman can do as well as she did.

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On his return home Mr. Francis was one day exhibiting his treasure to an old friend, engaged in the tobacco business. The latter examined the piece critically, and, when he had returned it to the hands of its owner, he exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm of the amateur:

"Governor, there's no doubt that you have a prize there. Honestly, I don't believe there are ten men in this country who could turn out a piece of work like that!"

HIS TECHNICAL DEFENCE

"WHAT reason does he give for not paying his wife alimony?"
"He says that marriage is a lottery, and hence alimony is a gambling debt."

IT COULD NOT BE

MR. W. W. KEEN, the Philadelphia surgeon, has a number of scrap-books filled with anecdotes about physicians. These anecdotes are odd, from the fact that they all throw upon physicians a most unflattering light. To illustrate their character, Dr. Keen quoted one of them recently.

"A physician was driving through the street," he said. "A friend stopped him."

"Doctor," said the friend anxiously, "have you heard that horrible story about Williamson?"

"No," said the doctor. "What story is that?"

"A story to the effect that he was buried alive."

"Buried alive?" said the doctor. "Impossible. He was one of my patients."

A SAD CATASTROPHE

COMMANDER BROWNSON tells of a German, a recruit in the naval service, who, during a certain watch, was in accordance with the regulations calling the hours.

"Seven bells and all is well!" called the German correctly enough. Those who heard the next call were much astonished by this amusing variation:

"Eight bells and all is not well! I had droppin' my hat overboard!"

LEGAL AMENITIES

SENATOR BAILEY of Texas is fond of telling stories of his youthful struggles at the bar of that State.

About the first case that came Mr. Bailey's way was one in which he had been retained to defend a rather tough character in an action for damages.

As the plaintiff's case was short, the attorney soon resting, Mr. Bailey says he thought he had a fair chance to get his man off. But, to his dismay, the three or four different motions that he made were promptly overruled by the court. Then, says Mr. Bailey, he endeavored to see what a little eloquence would do, and began a laboriously prepared address to the court.

"Your honor," observed Mr. Bailey, "my unfortunate client—"

"There the court is with you," gently interrupted the judge, with a grim smile.

And the future Senator lost his case.

NO REASON

Claude (after a waltz): "Do you know I could die waltzing!"

Maude (out of breath): "Perhaps you could; but that is no reason why you should expect others to die with you!"

THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE

"TWO men in Buffalo," says ex-Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, "recently had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a Governor of a State had an official title. One man contended that she should be addressed as 'Mrs. Governor So-and-So,' while the other man stoutly insisted that she was simply 'Mrs. Blank, wife of Governor Blank.' Finally they agreed to submit the question to the first man they should meet. He proved to be an Irishman. The case was put before him, and he was asked for a decision."

"Nayther of yez is right," said the Irishman, after a moment's reflection. "The wife of a governor is a governess."

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